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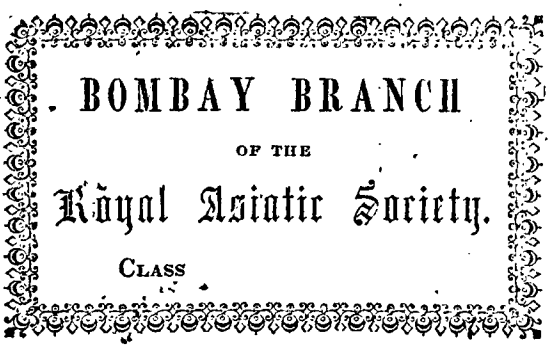

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GEORGE IV.

London Hurst and Blackett 1853

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

WEST-END LIFE;

WITH

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY IN PARIS, INDIA,

&c. &c.

85940 a

BY

MAJOR CHAMBRE,
LATE 17TH LANCERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

In submitting these social Sketches to public notice, interspersed with anecdotes of persons who were prominent characters in their day, the Author has endeavoured to give a general idea of what came under his own observation during the last forty years.

He believes as much is learnt of times past, from such sources, as from dry statements of facts.

An historical narrative may be considered in the light of a painting, the details of which should be vividly presented, without being coarse; and its merits must be judged of by the general effect it produces.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

WEST-END LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Kendal—Its Castle—Historical reminiscences—Birthplace of the Author—Boyish pranks—Eton Debating Society—A practical joke—Spare the rod *not* practised—Become enamoured of a soldier's life—Obtain my commission in the 23rd Light Dragoons—Napoleon's escape from Elba—Excitement in England—Barrack life—Join the service squadrons—Land at Ostend—Repartee—Bruges, Ghent, Paris, 1815—My regiment sent to escort the crowned heads—The Emperors of Russia and Austria and King of Prussia travel *incog.*—Fortunate arrival of the Czar—The Pont de Jena saved—The Allied Sovereigns in Paris.

Visitors to the English Lakes generally pass unnoticed the ancient town of Kendal, and proceed direct to Bowness or Winandermere, although it was formerly the point from whence tourists commenced their excursions. Objects of interest, how-

ever, are not wanting either in the town itself or in the immediate neighbourhood. Kendal Castle, the birthplace of Catherine Parr, once belonging to the Lancaster family, of whom my ancestors were the chamberlains, is now in ruins; but some idea may be formed of its size and importance from a painting that may yet be seen in the public museum. The old church, recently restored, has five aisles, and contains some fine modern stained-glass windows. Within an hour's drive is Sizergh Castle, the ancient and interesting residence of the Stricklands; and in its vicinity is Levens, the property of the Honourable Mrs. Howard, remarkable for its fine garden, planned by the same person who laid out the grounds of Hampton Court Palace. Close to the church, and on the outskirts of Kendal, stands Abbott Hall, an old English mansion, where my family resided when I made my *début* in the world. As in most of the northern counties, the Westmoreland gentry passed the winter months in the large towns, and they went for the summer to their country residences—rarely or never visiting London. When such an important journey

was to be undertaken, they always made their wills before starting. By degrees, however, and as the means of communication became more easy, and the roads were improved, they left these town houses for the metropolis, and they have since fallen into other hands.

For two successive generations my ancestors had been honorary Recorders of the borough; and when the Pretender marched into Kendal at the head of the rebels, the leaders occupied my great-grandfather's mansion, retaining him as a hostage; but for what purpose I never learnt. When I was three years old, we came to reside in London; and I remember little of what occurred at this period of my life, beyond one incident that has often been mentioned to me since. My grandmother was a woman of rare beauty, and Romney had painted a full-length picture of her, which was much admired. It unfortunately happened that I and my brother had, amongst other playthings, some bows and arrows; and in an evil hour, we made use of our respected ancestor as a target. She was already minus the two eyes, besides sundry other wounds in

various parts of the body, when we were discovered; but the mischief was done, and irreparable. I was soon afterwards sent to a school at Chelsea, and there went through the usual routine of early life, being bullied by the big boys, and flogged by the schoolmaster; after which I was removed to Eton. My great-uncle, whose name I bore, was then one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas; and imagining I should follow the profession in which he had so greatly distinguished himself, all his hopes were centred in me, and I believe he looked upon his nephew as a Lord Chancellor in embryo. But, *l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.* I had no fixed ideas as to any profession, and the law was not one for which I had any inclination.

Whilst at Eton, I was a member of the Debating Society at Waite's, where so many youths acquired that facility in public speaking which has rendered them remarkable in after life; and I was not in one of the Elevens at cricket. I may mention incidentally, that one of my feats, which gave me a certain schoolboy notoriety, was sending the town-crier, whom I had feed for the purpose, to announce a gene-

ral illumination in honour of the battle of Vittoria. It created quite a sensation in both Windsor and Eton; and although no one knew from whence the orders came, G.R.'s and coloured lamps in abundance were displayed in the windows of the inhabitants. A meeting of the magistrates was hastily summoned, and the hoax was discovered. The writing gave a clue to the culprit, and I underwent the punishment usual in such cases, at the hands of the worthy Dr. Keate. As the period approached when I was to leave school, I was urged to select some profession, and should perhaps have consented to meet my relatives' wishes, had it not happened that just at this time one of my cousins came with his regiment to Windsor. All my spare moments were now passed in the Ship-street Barracks; whenever I could obtain leave, I dined at the mess, and became enamoured of a soldier's life. My ideas, before vacillating, took a decided turn, and I made up my mind to go into the army. Great was the dismay of the family when I communicated to them my final resolve; but, seeing that all arguments were useless, they removed me from

Eton; and in the month of April, 1815, I received my first commission, without purchase, as a cornet in the 23rd Light Dragoons, under orders to join the army forming in Belgium.

I can very well remember the excitement that prevailed in England when the news arrived of the escape of the ex-Emperor from Elba, and his landing at Cannes. Then came the wondrous accounts of his onward progress, of the defection of the Royalist leaders and troops, and the rapid flight of the victorious eagle from steeple to steeple, until it perched on the towers of Notre Dame. Troops were hurrying in every direction to the ports of embarkation, and my regiment had already sailed when I was prepared to join.

Our colonel, the Earl of Portarlington, a dashing peer of the realm, who was detained for a few days in London, was then living at Long's Hotel, and thither I went to present myself, and ask his permission to accompany him to the seat of war. He eyed me from head to foot, laughed good-naturedly at my application, and told me I was too much of a stripling to undergo the fatigues of active war-

fare. I was constrained, therefore, much against my inclination, to join the depôt at Canterbury, where I found many boys, like myself, belonging to other cavalry regiments.

Our time was fully occupied between riding-school, field-drill, and the usual routine of country quarters, with the daily expectation of something occurring that would call us into active service. It was on the morning of the 20th of June that we first heard a rumour, which hourly acquired additional evidence of its truth, that a great battle had commenced; and whilst we were on the tiptoe of expectation to learn the particulars, and the result, a post-chaise, conveying the Honourable Colonel Percy, in charge of despatches, with the captured eagles and colours, drove up to the Fountain Hotel. The glorious news spread like wild-fire. The town was in an uproar of delight, and the greatness of our losses was for the moment overlooked in the grandeur of the results of the memorable battle of Waterloo.

Orders soon came down for every available man and horse to be sent off to join the service squadrons;

but by some oversight I was forgotten. This was more than I could bear; so, regardless of red-tapeism and routine, I addressed a private letter to the Duke of York, urging my request to be allowed to join the regiment. By return of post I received a favourable answer, and on the 27th of June, 1815, I embarked with my horses and a dragoon servant at Ramsgate, for Ostend, to which place all detachments were forwarded. In those days, the port of Ostend was little better than it was in the time of the Spaniards. The fine jetty which now borders the fortifications on the sea side, did not exist, nor were the facilities great for landing from the transports. Our horses were, therefore, turned out of the vessel into the mud—it being low-water—and they scrambled on shore as best they could.

The town was crowded with troops, camp-followers, stores, and ammunition-waggons. It was anything but gay, notwithstanding. There was the dull, conventual air about it common to all the old Flemish towns. Grass was growing in the less frequented streets, and there was nothing in the place to make me desirous of spending an hour

longer in it than was actually necessary. So after reporting my arrival to the commandant, and receiving his instructions and my route, I hastened on to Bruges, where I was quartered for the night.

Those who knew Belgium many years ago, will remember a passage-boat on the canal from Ostend to Bruges and Ghent. It was always crowded with passengers going from one city to the other, and was the most agreeable conveyance I ever saw. Sending my servant with the horses by the towing-path, I went in it as far as Ghent, and found a large party of Flamands on board, who appeared to be on an excursion of pleasure, and were very merry. One, a fat old gentleman, arrived late, and just as we were starting, in his hurry to join his friends, fell on the floor of the cabin, but getting up as quickly as he could, he gave me a very favourable impression of his abilities by saying—"Mesdames, vous voyez avec quel empressement je viens vous présenter mes hommages, puisque j'arrive ventre à terre." I almost envied the man who could say so good a thing impromptu.

The kitchen of this boat was the most complete thing of the kind I ever saw. It was a perfect *multum in parvo*. It could not have been more than seven feet square; and yet, however numerous the guests, there were means of cooking any quantity of dishes, and the dinner was excellent. Railways have now entirely superseded these old-fashioned but sociable conveyances.

We met many of the wounded English, who had been sent away from Bruxelles, and were on board of canal boats, conveying them to Ostend, from whence they were to proceed to England.

Amongst them I saw the aides-de-camp of the lamented General Sir Thomas Picton, with whom I had some conversation, and heard of the march of the Allies on Paris. It was said in Ghent that many of the defeated troops were plundering the farms and houses on their road, and that travellers had been stopped and robbed by them; but I met no stragglers, and the country generally was as peaceable as in ordinary times. Leaving Ghent, I proceeded by way of Douai, and got upon the English line of march. Wherever our army had

passed, I particularly remarked the total absence of anything like devastation or irregularities. Not so the parallel advance of the Prussians; they had done a great deal of mischief—in retaliation, no doubt, for what they had themselves suffered previously, on the part of the French.

One morning I saw in the distance many soldiers, whose uniforms I did not recognise. Some were on horseback, some on foot, others in waggons. They proved to be detachments of French troops, who, after the defeat of the 18th, had lost their regiments, or had disbanded themselves, and were making the best of their way to Paris, or their respective homes. Both officers and men—and they were of every corps in the service, from the Imperial Guard to the Voltigeur of the line—saluted me with apparent cordiality. We entered into conversation, and they made many inquiries as to the whereabouts of the English army. It so happened that in mounting my horse that morning I had torn my trousers, and had tied a handkerchief round my knee to hide the accident. Thinking I must be wounded, some

of them commiserated me very much, saying, "*Pauvre jeune homme! blessé si jeune!*" I soon explained the extent of the injury, and we had a good laugh over it. They proposed that I should join their party, and as I was anxious for some companions to beguile the tedium of my long march, I readily consented. When we halted for the night, they always exerted themselves to put me into good quarters, although at times we had to rough it. On approaching Paris, we parted with mutual regret; but, notwithstanding that in the course of my journeyings I have known many French officers, it has never been my good fortune to fall in with any of my travelling companions of 1815.

Paris was so crowded with troops, that I had considerable difficulty in finding my regiment. After wandering about for hours, I at last ascertained that it was quartered outside the gate of St. Denis, in the village of La Chapelle. It was late in the evening when I reported my arrival, and the Quartermaster allotted me the last vacant house. It had neither doors nor windows, and a

bundle of straw was the only bed I could procure during the whole time I was there. However, the excitement and the novelty of my new career were delightful. The army of the Loire had not come to terms with the Allies, and we were in hourly expectation of receiving orders to march and attack them. When, however, all apprehensions of further resistance from that quarter ceased, we had time to see Paris, and recompense ourselves for the discomforts we had experienced.

Two squadrons of my regiment were sent on the road to Meaux to meet the Allied Sovereigns, who were expected, and whose arrival was anxiously looked for, as Marshal Blücher had determined to blow up the bridge of Jena, and it was hoped they would prevent his so doing. The squadrons halted and dismounted, sending on an officer in advance to give notice of their coming. He had gone a considerable distance, when, observing some plain-looking carriages approach, he stopped them and asked those inside if they had seen the Allied Sovereigns, and if they were far off. One of the gentlemen politely replied, "I am the Emperor

of Russia; the Emperor of Austria is in the next carriage, and the King of Prussia in that which follows it." The officer was completely taken by surprise; he made a thousand apologies, and galloped off to give the squadron officers notice. My regiment escorted them to within seven or eight miles of Paris, and there the Life Guards were in waiting to take up the duty, and see them safely to their respective destinations. They arrived just in time, as it enabled the Emperor of Russia to save the Pont de Jena, for the destruction of which every preparation had been made by the Prussian engineers.

CHAPTER II.

Twenty-third Light Dragoons—Anecdotes of soldiers—Advance of Wellington's army towards Paris—Grand review of the English and Prussian armies—The Iron Duke—The French Princes—Royal *chasse*—The Duke's private pack—Staff anecdotes—Parisian gambling-houses—March to Amiens—Reception by the authorities, and ball—French ideas of "Perfide Albion"—Cressy—Superstition of the peasantry—I am made prisoner by the Prussians—Practical jokes—March to Calais—Storm at sea—Land in England.

The 23rd Light Dragoons had been hotly engaged in the recent battle, and one squadron, commanded by Captain, now Lieutenant-General Macneil, that covered the guns attached to Sir Colin Halkett's brigade, had suffered severely. An instance of bravery, on the part of a private attached to it, is worth recording. A cannon-shot carried off both his arms, and he was placed on the ground to await surgical attendance. Just at that moment an order came for the squadron to charge, and the

gallant man, raising himself up, waved his bleeding stumps, and cheered his comrades on. In the French army, such a soldier would have been decorated; and probably a representation of the heroic act would have been painted, lithographed, and eagerly purchased. With us, such deeds pass unnoticed or unknown, unless some eye-witness, or person cognizant of them, may, as in this instance, chronicle the incident. In the same squadron was a tall Irish dragoon, who, like others from the neighbourhood of the colonel's residence, Emo Park, was called a Domainer by the men of the regiment. At one period of the action, when the enemy's fire was heavy, the 23rd were ordered to dismount, and stand to their horses' heads. He was in the rear rank; and the captain observed him quietly sitting down on the ground, like a hare on her form, endeavouring to shelter himself as much as possible behind the horses. He had never seen a shot fired, and could not screw his courage to the sticking-point. In fact, the man was very much frightened, and bobbed his head at every shot that came near them. By degrees,

however, he recovered himself, killed two French cuirassiers with his own hand, and behaved with such uncommon gallantry, that he was made a sergeant on the field of battle.

It may not be amiss to mention here a few of the circumstances that attended the advance of the Allies towards Paris, after the sanguinary battle of the 18th of June. On the 21st, both the Prussian and English armies had entered the French territory—the former by Beaumont, the latter by Bavay. A brigade of infantry of the Fourth Division, and a brigade of cavalry, under Sir C. Colville, carried the town of Cambray by escalade on the 25th; and the Guards, under General Maitland, attacked and took Peronne. Marshal Blücher fought a sharp action at Villars Cotterets, and continuing his advance, a portion of his army, under General Ziethen, stormed the heights of St. Cloud and Meudon, and repulsed a resolute attack made on them at Issy. A British corps followed the left bank of the Seine towards the Pont de Neuilly, thus opening Paris on its most accessible side, and in consequence a convention

was entered into, by which it was agreed that the French army should retire behind the Loire. It was on the 6th of July that the Allied troops occupied the Barrières.

The numerous objects of art carried off from Germany, Italy, and Belgium, which had remained untouched in 1814, were now claimed by the Allied Generals, and Marshal Blücher at once proceeded to seize the many valuable paintings of the German school, and the beautiful statue generally known as the Ganymede of Sans Souci. It was not, however, until the month of September following that the great bulk of the pictures and statues, and the Corinthian horses harnessed to the Chariot of the Sun, were packed up and forwarded to the countries from whence they had been forcibly taken. When it became known that the nation was to be for ever deprived of these speaking records of former triumphs, no pen can describe the excessive indignation of the French, of all ranks. They seemed to have forgotten their recent calamities, so entirely were their minds absorbed in this great humiliation.

The capital and all the military posts in the neighbourhood were occupied by the English and Prussians when the Allied Sovereigns entered Paris, the Russians and Austrians not having yet come up. Having never before been brought into contact with British troops, the three monarchs were particularly desirous of seeing the two armies that had gained the recent victory, which promised to give peace to Europe for many years to come.

The whole of the British force, therefore, and the foreign contingents attached to it, under the supreme command of the Duke of Wellington, were ordered to assemble on the road leading from the Place Louis XVI., as it was then called, along the Champs Elysées towards Neuilly, our right resting on the Place. The line was of great extent, there being a vast number of men on the ground; but as a considerable portion consisted of Brunswickers, Danes, Hanoverians, Belgians, and Dutch, it was difficult to ascertain the total amount under arms.

The three Sovereigns, attended by the Duke of

Wellington, passed slowly down the front, and inspected the troops minutely. On their return, as soon as they had taken up a position at the corner of the Champs Elysées, we broke into open column, and marched past in quick time. The British army was never seen to greater advantage. The vacancies caused by casualties in the late battle had been filled up by fresh drafts from home; and although their dress—with the exception of the Scotch regiments and the Hussars—was not so becoming as that of other foreign armies, yet their arms, such as they were (for all had the old Brown Bess, with the flint locks), were in excellent order, and their accoutrements also. The cavalry and artillery horses were far superior to those of other Powers. In the present day it is the fashion to decry our organization; yet our method of harnessing the horses to the guns was so much approved of, that the French adopted it afterwards. The men, flushed with victory, and in the highest state of discipline, marched with a steadiness and firmness that were the admiration of all the foreign officers present. We left our quarters at five in the

morning, and did not get back to them till late in the afternoon.

After this followed the review of the Prussian Guard, a numerous and splendid body of men, but not conveniently dressed for service. The breasts of their coats were much padded, and their trousers being strapped under the boots, seemed to prevent their marching freely. As they passed the King of Prussia, the Emperors of Austria and of Russia put themselves at the head of the regiments of which they were the titular colonels, and saluted him. I remarked that the Emperor Alexander raised and dropped his sword three times in succession, with a quick but graceful motion. On the whole, they looked better as well-dressed machines than the British soldier, but they lacked his steady and determined bearing, and firm tread in marching.

These reviews were almost the only occasions on which I saw the Duke of Wellington during the time we remained in Paris, owing, no doubt, to the vast amount of public business he had to transact. It is well known that he always kept

a pack of hounds during the Peninsular campaigns, and that he was very fond of hunting. Whilst the army of occupation was in France, he took a château, called Mont St. Martin, near Cambray, to which he sent his hunting establishment. His Grace was a great promoter of all amusements, particularly shooting and private theatricals. Yates and Mathews, formerly of the Adelphi, both paid him a visit at the above-named residence, and acted there as unprofessionals, the former being at the time in the commissariat. During the year 1814, when the Duke was ambassador to Louis XVIII., he hunted regularly with the Royal staghounds, dining afterwards at either of the palaces near the meet—St. Cloud, Versailles, Fontainbleau, or Chantilly. If within reasonable distance, he went to covert accompanied and driven in his curricle by his youthful *attaché*, Lord William Lennox; if far off, his Grace's carriage and four was put into requisition. The late Duke de Berri was very angry when the stag broke covert; on the other hand, if there were any English present, they did their best to force the animal into the long avenues that

intersect the forests. Wellington was delighted when this happened, although Court etiquette prevented his saying so. It was on these occasions that the Hero of a Hundred Fights and his staff, including Felton Hervey, General Fremantle, Henry Percy, and W. Lennox, showed their pluck and the mettle of their horses, and it was wonderful fun to see the French Royal Dukes, d'Angoulême and de Berri, when they came to the brooks, fences, or hedges, that were met with occasionally at and about the villages. The English sportsmen charged them manfully—the Frenchmen craned awfully. "Come along," cried an English youth. "*Je ne sais pas sauter des grands fossés,*" responded the foreigner, pulling up at a three-feet ditch or a moderately high hedge. Since those days, however, our present allies and quondam enemies have wonderfully improved in horsemanship, and they not only go across country, but ride well in steeplechases. When the stag took to the water as a last resource, the French Dukes always fired at him, and were supposed to finish his career; but it often happened that the *coup de grace* was given by a

Garde de chasse, who sent a bullet through his head, and gave the Princes all the credit of it.

It was curious to see the Duke of Wellington, who conformed to the customs of the Court, dressed out in the prescribed costume—a velvet coat, high boots, a *couteau de chasse*, and cocked hat; but nothing could induce him to change the plain English hunting-saddle for that of the French, which was covered with velvet housings, embroidered and fringed with gold.

The numerous gambling-houses that existed in Paris, brilliantly lighted up and filled to suffocation, were much frequented by the officers of the Allied armies, and more particularly by the Prussians, who surprised the Parisians by the large sums they staked. Marshal Blücher went constantly to the Salon des Etrangers, and stayed late. The English visitors, too, who thronged the French capital, were many of them players in the *salons* of the house at the corner of the Rue Richelieu, and in the Palais Royal, and left large sums behind them. A Frenchman of rank, arguing with me on the propriety of a Government

sanctioning such establishments, adduced as reasons for their so doing—first, the large sums they paid annually to the hospitals and charitable institutions of Paris; and secondly, the impossibility of preventing clandestine gambling in large cities. He thought it better that the police should have the superintendence and control of public gambling saloons, than that play should be carried on, as he maintained it would be, in houses where there were no means of preventing those who risked their money from being swindled. My answer to the argument was—It is better still for a Government not to sanction that which is radically wrong. People are not tempted by what they do not see; and by tolerating public gambling-tables, curiosity leads idlers to them, who end by being confirmed gamesters. He was not convinced by my arguments, however; and as he was a man who held a high civil appointment, and had many opportunities of forming an opinion on the subject, I began to doubt, as I do still, whether he was right or wrong in his views.

The supply of forage becoming scarce, in con-

sequence of the large masses of troops in and about Paris, our brigade, under the command of M. General Count Doraberg, received orders to move to Amiens. It consisted of the 23rd Light Dragoons, the 1st and 2nd German Light Dragoons, and a troop of horse artillery. At this time two cavalry regiments, which had remained faithful to the King, were quartered there, under the command of an officer, the Count d'Astorg, who afterwards distinguished himself in Spain with the Duke d'Angoulême. The barracks being very large, there was sufficient space left for the horses of my regiment, and the Germans were distributed about the town.

As soon as we had taken possession of our quarters, we were waited on by the authorities, with the officers of the two Royalist regiments, and the Prefet invited us to a grand ball at the Prefecture. To do honour to *Messieurs les officiers Anglais*, and in accordance with our supposed tastes, a lamb roasted whole was placed on a side-table at supper for our especial service. It was imagined that we were as fond of a *grosse pièce de*

résistance, as it was commonly thought in England the French were of fricasseed frogs. We know each other better now; but considering the proximity of the two countries, it was quite marvellous how ignorant the French of 1815 were of anything connected with England. They knew about as much of us as we do of Japan and its inhabitants. To give some idea of this, I will quote an article from the *Moniteur*, written only four years before the period of which I am speaking; I give it verbatim as it appeared in the official journal:—

"To know the distressed state of England, you have only to take a view of the present condition of the capital. The impoverished merchants, constrained to reduce the number of their draught-horses, now convey their merchandize on the foot pavements in wheelbarrows; so that what used to be a promenade for ladies, is become as ruinous and as dirty as the road itself. Soon after nightfall, almost a total darkness prevails, from the inability of the inhabitants to pay the duty on their lamps, which, like that of their windows, or light, has become excessive. Scarcely a *soirée* or midnight

revel is to be seen in the mansions of distinction. Devonshire House, once so gay, no longer shines with splendour; and the sounds of the lute and the harp have given place to the clangour of the watchmen's rattles, as alarms to the affrighted housekeeper to guard his property against the attacks of masked depredators. The only remaining Theatre Royal being deserted, is converted into a riding-school; and Mesdames Billington and Catalani sing at Sadler's Wells, before an audience composed of sailors and handicraftsmen."

There was something ludicrous in this *resumé* of the state of London, it is true, but I question very much whether the English of 1815 had a much more correct idea of Paris; for the only intercourse between the two countries was that of smugglers, who hardly ever landed on one shore or the other. Our successes, too, by sea and land, had caused the nation generally to over-estimate their own, and underrate their opponent's power. Every school-boy thought he was more than a match for two French lads of his own age. Considering the peculiar circumstances in which we were placed, it

was surprising to see the good feeling that prevailed amongst us and the inhabitants. We lived on the most friendly terms; and the outlay of three regiments, by circulating a good deal of money amongst all classes, was probably the cause of our presence being looked upon rather in a favourable light than otherwise. In order to testify our sense of the polite attentions we received, it was determined to give a grand ball to the inhabitants and the French officers, at the Theatre. Accordingly, the pit was boarded over, and a new and handsome drop-scene was painted to hide the stage, on which the supper was laid out. The French cavalry bands played quadrilles; the German (for the polka was then unknown) and our own waltzes between the sets. The present generation would laugh to see the ladies dressed as they were in those days. They still retained the enormously high head-dresses, the short waists, and scanty petticoats of the Imperial Court. Some seemed as if they had no waists at all, and it was considered fashionable to have what was called a Grecian bend—that is, to stoop in the manner of the Venus

de Medicis. I throw it out as a hint for a fancy ball at Almack's. At midnight, the two German bands and our own struck up *Vive Henri IV.*, which was responded to by the French playing *God save the King*. The curtain rising, displayed a magnificent arrangement of tables, groaning under "all the delicacies of the season," and numerous lustres suspended from above shedding a brilliant light. Great was the jollification as the night advanced; fraternization was the order of the day; and some of our male guests, who had indulged too freely, were taken in wheelbarrows by us youngsters to their respective domiciles when all was over. Not to be outdone in politeness, the French regiments gave us a ball in return, in the same locality; and we were not a little amused, and surprised too, at an illuminated device over the entrance of the pit, which ran thus—"*Hommage des Brigands aux Dames d'Amiens.*" It was explained to us, however, that those regiments which had not joined the Emperor, and had remained faithful to the King, were qualified as brigands, and called such, during the Hundred Days, in the Government publications.

We passed two or three agreeable months in Amiens, and had even formed some intimacies, when news arrived of the approach of a Prussian *corps d'armée*, and at the same time orders for our brigade to move towards Abbeville and its neighbourhood, to make way for them. The dismay of the inhabitants was very great, for they all dreaded the Prussians, having heard of their exactions elsewhere; and some almost went on their kness to beg us to remain—none more so than the worthy hostess of the Hotel des Ambassadeurs, Madame Crampon, who had greatly benefited by our regimental mess and custom.

We accordingly bade a long farewell to our friends, and proceeded to our new quarters. No sooner had we left the town than the Prussians entered it, and they immediately levied a heavy contribution on the townspeople, in the shape of boots, shoes, and great coats for the whole force, besides giving free quarters to the officers. The change was the more severely felt, as we had invariably paid for everything we required from them.

Our brigade was distributed in the villages at

and about Cressy, a hamlet thirteen miles north-west of Abbeville. As soon as we quitted the high road, we got into *chemins de traverse*, which were abominably bad. The farm-houses, cottages, or huts in which we were located, were inhabited by a poor and wretched peasantry. Owing to the long continuance of the war, nearly all the out-door work was performed by females, and the drudgery they underwent gave them an appearance of premature old age. The conscriptions of previous years had not only impoverished the country, but had completely exhausted the population. In all the places we saw, there remained few but the old, the young, and the infirm of the male sex. These poor people were generally ignorant, and very credulous. They had entire faith in many legends and miraculous occurrences. I will cite, in corroboration of this, a belief they entertained then, as they do at the present day in Normandy,—that on Christmas night, the oxen, cows, asses, and other animals occupying the farm buildings and stables, have the gift of speech conferred on them, when they gravely talk over their own duties, and, as the

case may be, complain or approve of the treatment they receive from their owners. This extraordinary miracle, however, can never be witnessed by any person whose conscience is burthened with any *péché mortel.* At the same season they place a huge log of wood on the fire, which they call *tréfouet,* because it must last during the three nights of the festival; and when it is half consumed, holy water is thrown on it, that what remains may be kept in the house as a preservative against the effects of lightning. It is indispensable, however, that the log should have smouldered during the whole of the three nights, otherwise the talisman is valueless. I could multiply instances of the same superstitious feeling and observances, but one more will suffice. In the commune of Condé-sur-Laison, in the arrondissement of Falaise, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood affirm they have observed, at Christmas, that after the first crowing of the cock at midnight, a large Druidical stone, called "Pierre Cornue," may be seen to glide leisurely down, from a rising ground on which it stands, to a fountain at some distance

from it, and, after bathing in the waters, to return to the place from which it started. The village of Cressy is like all others in that part of France, but it is interesting from the historical recollections of the great battle of 1346. The peasants pointed out the positions of the hostile armies, and tradition has handed down to them some of the circumstances and events of that day, so fatal to the French monarchy. They showed the hill on which stood, and where still stands, a windmill, from whence King Edward ordered the English men-at-arms to charge the Genoese, whose bowstrings had become useless from the heavy rain that had fallen in the morning. We saw also the ground on which the desperate struggle took place between the English, under the young Prince, then but sixteen years of age, and the French host, commanded by the King in person, which ended in the glorious victory of Cressy.

Judging by what I observed of the cross-roads, the difficulty, in those remote times, of moving large bodies of troops must have been very great, for the mud was knee-deep; and they were pro-

bably in a much worse state five centuries before. It partly accounts for the losses sustained by the French after the action, which were enormous.

On quitting Amiens, we were obliged to leave behind all our sick men and horses; and as soon as we could make arrangements for locating them where we were, I was sent over to our old quarters to bring them away. I was accompanied by an orderly dragoon, and in due time reached the gates of the town, where I found a strong guard of the Prussian Landwehr. Our uniform was so very like that of the French, that I was mistaken for a French officer, and they would not allow me to pass. In vain I represented to them who I was, and the object of my coming. Neither the officer in command nor the men understood a word I said, although I spoke to them in French and English; and it ended in their taking me and my man prisoners, and marching us, under a guard with fixed bayonets, to the head-quarters of the General commanding. I naturally felt this indignity very acutely, and insisted on an apology, which was freely tendered, and as freely accepted by myself,

for it was evident that it all arose from a misunderstanding. So soon as I could collect my invalids, we loaded our baggage waggons and returned to Cressy.

The total absence of anything like amusement led us youngsters occasionally into mischief; so when we heard that a string of horses, going to the fair at Arras, was to pass the night in the village of Auzy-le-Chateau, we could not resist the temptation of cutting off their tails, which were long and flowing. The rage and consternation of the owners in the morning were excessive, and bordered on the ludicrous. I believe some of them pulled their own locks out in the vehemence of their gesticulations. We thought it improved the appearance of the quadrupeds, as it gave them broader loins and rounder quarters. The dealers made shrewd guesses as to who were the actors in this farce; but there being no witnesses to the fact, they went on their way sorrowing, and venting imprecations on their unknown persecutors.

When the definitive treaty of peace of November 20th was signed, we were sent in to Abbeville for

inspection, and to make over our horses to cavalry regiments that were to remain in France with the Army of Occupation. Glanders prevailed to some extent amongst those that had been stabled in the neighbouring farms and villages, and these were all shot by order of Sir Hussey Vivian, who came to superintend the transfer. Having given our quota, we were ordered to proceed *viâ* Montreuil-sur-Mer to Calais, where transports were waiting to convey us to England. On the march, we were put up in villages and such châteaux as are to be met with in that part of the country. I and some other officers were quartered in one where the lady of the house received us very politely, and apologized for the absence of her two sons, who were out shooting. At dinner-time, however, they had returned, and joined our party. The sisters, who were agreeable girls, amused themselves by asking questions about the battle of Waterloo, to vex the brothers, and it then turned out that the young men had been engaged in it. It was an awkward position for us to be placed in, because the girls taunted them with having been beaten, and they

defended themselves by saying that the Allies were two to their one, and that they had been betrayed. *Nous sommes trahis* is the way Frenchmen explain any disaster. We contrived, however, to avoid a discussion on the matter, and allowed the family to fight the battle over amongst themselves; so that in the morning we parted mutually satisfied with each other. Some people with a roulette-table followed us, halting wherever we passed the night; and they established themselves in Calais during the whole time the troops were passing through, reaping a rich harvest from the officers. They then started off for other stations, where they knew they should find the Allied armies and more victims. The officer commanding in Montreuil, who was pugnaciously disposed, raised the drawbridge as we approached, and objected to our passing through the town. On receiving a message from our colonel, however, that he should force an entrance if we met with resistance, he thought better of it, and opened the gates.

Such large bodies of troops were advancing, and were already at and about Calais, that forage

was becoming scarce. Orders, therefore, came to us to get on board the transports with as little delay as possible. Many of these vessels were cutters, in which, for want of space, the horses were inconveniently crowded. One or two other cavalry regiments embarked at the same time we did, and we were all on board on the morning of the 25th of December, 1815. The weather was unsettled, and towards noon assumed so threatening an appearance that the seamen thought we ought to remain the night; but the Agent for Transports, and the authorities, anxious probably to get rid of us, were of a contrary opinion, and accordingly we put to sea. The heavy swell announced the coming storm; and we had not been out more than a couple of hours before it blew a hurricane. The slings by which the horses were secured gave way, and they began to kick violently, and bite each other. It was impossible, from the confined space, to render them any assistance, and many were stifled, from the hatches being battened down; then whichever way the vessel leaned, the mass of horses fell, —so that the cutter I was in, the *King George*, of

Dover, became nearly unmanageable. Fifteen in all on board my vessel alone were either killed or suffocated, including two valuable chargers belonging to myself.

There were some Irish women, soldiers' wives, with their children, on board; and expecting nothing but instant death, they were loud in their lamentations, and earnest in their prayers to the Virgin, making vows which I fear were forgotten when the danger was over. I tried in vain to pacify them. It was with the utmost difficulty that we got into Ramsgate harbour the following morning. The night had been an awful one; every vessel had suffered more or less; and some hundreds of horses were killed, crippled, and lost to the service.

My regiment was so completely dismounted, that two-thirds of the men were obliged to march on foot from Ramsgate to Weymouth, which was our destination.

What a change has steam effected since those days! Now a cavalry regiment may be conveyed from England to the Crimea—as we have recently seen—and the horses may be landed as

fresh and as fit for active service as when they started!

The facilities, however, which steam navigation affords to the transport of troops, will, I trust, open the eyes of the British nation to the necessity of keeping up, in times of peace, a sufficient force to meet all eventualities. Danger foreseen is half averted, said a famous French general. If one Power can move large armies by sea, so can another; and as the days are not yet come when the lion and the lamb are to lie down quietly side by side, it would almost invite aggression if foreign nations saw we were unprepared to resist it. I do not, however, for one moment suppose that an invading army could either advance far into the interior, or by a bold forward movement occupy London; and I might apply to the capital the lines inscribed over the gate of Arras in former times:—

"Quand les rats prendront les chats,
Les Français prendront Arras;"

or, freely translated:—

"When the rats and the cats together shall play,
Then the French into 'London' will force their way."

CHAPTER III.

Weymouth—The late Marquis of Anglesea—Waterloo—Introduction of lance exercise—Death in a hogshead of claret—Extraordinary leap—Princess Caraboo—Disembodiment of the regiment—Revisit Paris—French Opera—Theatrical artists—Restaurants—Cafés—Cooks, cookery, and dishes—Gourmets—Novel food—"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"—Illustrious gastronomers.

At Weymouth we soon got remounted. One of our troop horses, a mare that had escaped the many perils she had encountered by sea and land, and in which we all felt an interest, was taken from us under the following circumstances:—During the battle of Waterloo, the Marquis of Anglesea had knocked up all his own horses, and was obliged to mount one ridden by a troop-sergeant-major of the 23rd Light Dragoons. This was the mare I allude to, and it was on her that the Marquis received the wound which resulted in the loss of his leg. After his recovery and return to

England, he was naturally desirous of possessing the horse that had carried him on so eventful an occasion; and with permission from the Horse Guards, the mare was given over to his lordship, he supplying her place with another of equal value. She was long ridden by him, and eventually ended her days at Beaudesert, in peaceful retirement, at the age of thirty years.

During our stay in France we had enlisted a Frenchman who had served in the Lancers; and the question of the armament of the soldier being as much discussed in those days as it has been since the war in the Crimea, there were many advocates for and against the lance as a good and effective weapon for cavalry. Some thought well of it, and we practised four divisions of an exercise taken from that of the French, under the instruction of our Frenchman, who had been promoted to the rank of sergeant. We had a method of fixing a pistol to the lance; and in bringing the latter to the guard, we found we could fire it with great precision, even at full gallop. It being determined to form lance corps in the British service,

detachments from four regiments were sent up to the riding-school of Buckingham Palace, and there it was that the present system was considered and adopted; and the exercise now in use is, in a great measure, the same as that practised previously in the 23rd Light Dragoons. I was sent to London to bring back the non-commissioned officers and men who had been perfecting their lance drill at the riding-school, to serve as instructors to those at head-quarters; and so great a novelty was the new weapon, that Franconi's equestrian troop could not have created a greater sensation than we did in the several towns and villages through which we marched on our way home. Everybody came out to look at us.

I was one day riding into Weymouth, when I was accosted by a fine young man, who said he was desirous of joining us. Thinking from his genteel appearance that he had perhaps quarrelled with his family, I told him to reflect upon it. The next morning, however, he came up to the barracks, and enlisted in the regiment. By dint of good conduct he soon rose to the rank of

sergeant; and as chance would have it, after the disembodiment of the 23rd, we met again in India, where I had the pleasure of seeing him promoted to a cornetcy. He has since gained higher rank; and should this ever meet his eye, he will doubtless remember the writer, who took a great interest in him, and rejoiced in his well-merited success. We had another instance in the corps, of a soldier who acted as orderly to the colonel during the battle of Waterloo. He obtained a commission for meritorious conduct, and ultimately retired on the half-pay of a captain, from a distinguished regiment of Lancers. Civilians are too apt to imagine that the military profession shuts the door of promotion to those who commence their career in the ranks. Recent events, however, must have proved to them that such is not the case; for both during the Crimean war, and more recently, instances of merit rewarded by promotion have been numerous, and deservedly so.

Whilst at Weymouth, I was sent to command the parties stationed on the coast to assist in preventing smuggling. My station was Brid-

port; and one morning people came to tell me that a French vessel, laden with wine, had run ashore on the coast, a few miles distant. I immediately turned out the men, and galloped down to the spot. Large numbers of country-people had collected, and were carrying off or drinking the wine. Seeing there was no time to be lost, I secured one of the ringleaders, and soon succeeded in clearing the course. I then placed a guard over the casks as they drifted ashore. In the confusion, however, one individual met with a death similar to that of the Duke of Clarence who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey. He had stove in the head of a puncheon, and, in order to drink the contents with greater facility, had raised himself up by his hands on the side, and put his head into it. Whether from the fumes of the wine, or that he had drunk to excess, I know not; but he fell head-foremost into the cask, and when we pulled him out by the legs, he was dead.

Singular enough, in 1838 I met with a soldier of the 37th Regiment, in Jamaica, who remem-

bered the circumstance as a boy, and he told me that the man was a shoemaker, from Bridport.

There were many Irish horses amongst those that were purchased after our arrival at Weymouth, and, as usual, some of them were capital fencers. One day we were paraded for exercise in the barrack-square, when a trooper bolted out of the ranks, probably from fright, and, running away with his rider, jumped clean over the high palisades that surrounded the barracks. The dragoon fell as the horse came to the ground; but it was considered such an extraordinary leap, that many members of the Farquharson Hunt came to see the place, and the animal that performed the feat. The paling could not have been less than seven or eight feet in height,—and if there were not many living witnesses of the fact, I should have hesitated in relating it, from a fear of being accused of exaggeration.

A squadron of the regiment was quartered at Bristol, where a curious circumstance occurred, which created no little stir at the time, and was such a remarkable instance of the extent to which

deception can be successfully carried, that I record it here. One day, a young woman, of dark complexion, presented herself at the house of a family residing in the neighbourhood of Clifton. By signs she made the inmates understand that she was in great distress, and excited their sympathy and curiosity so far as to induce them to give her shelter. No one could understand her language, but her pantomime was very expressive, and she contrived to make them believe that she was a person of rank from some distant country, who had been shipwrecked and cast on shore somewhere on the neighbouring coast. From constantly repeating the word, and answering to it, she went by the name of the Princess Caraboo. Her habits were so peculiar, and so artistically displayed, that she became the subject of general conversation. At certain hours she went on to the house-top to adore the Sun; and in order to obtain a knowledge of her real history, paper, pens, and ink were placed before her, and by signs she was desired to write it. This was done, and she filled some sheets with strange, unintelligible cha-

racters, which it was impossible to decipher. The writing, like that on the wall at the feast of Belshazzar, required an interpreter, and it was sent for explanation to the great Oriental scholars of the day at Oxford and elsewhere. Some thought it a dialect of Sanscrit; others, Mongolian; and in fact various surmises were hazarded as to what it could be, but no one could give the least clue to its meaning. At last, suspicions arose that she was not what she pretended, and then chance brought the truth to light, and she was ascertained to be a rank impostor, who was either a gipsy, or who had long associated with these people. What became of her afterwards I don't recollect, although I think she was sent to prison, and tried for the offence; but as long as the deception lasted, she was treated as a Princess, and fared sumptuously every day.

With the exception of sending two squadrons to Bath, (to meet Orator Hunt, whom they played into the town to the tune of the "Rogue's March,") and who went there in anticipation of some disturbances, the services of the regiment were now

drawing to a close. We received an intimation that we should be shortly disbanded. I cannot refrain from remarking here, how singular it is that, whenever a peace is signed, however problematical the duration of that peace may be, British statesmen invariably disband a large portion of those who, by their devotion and valour, have brought the war to an honourable termination. Ranking as Great Britain does amongst the great Powers of the world, and possessing unlimited wealth, we have the means of maintaining such an armed force as shall make us both feared and respected by our neighbours. Instead of that, we trust to moral force to settle difficult questions, forgetting that moral force alone is of little avail, unless there be something positive to back it. But I am digressing from my narrative, and must return to it.

At the period of which I was speaking, we were in the highest state of discipline. We had seen much real and hard service, and deserved a better fate; but the £ *s.* *d.* system prevailed, and we ceased to exist as a corps in the autumn of 1817,

giving over our horses to the 19th Lancers, who had just returned from Canada.

It is almost a melancholy sight to witness the disembodiment of a distinguished regiment. The labour of years, the result of good discipline, the bonds of fraternity by which all have become attached, from a community of interests in war and in peace, are all dissolved as by the wand of a magician. When our men fell in by troops, in all kinds of motley dresses, to settle their accounts upon being discharged the service, I could scarcely imagine it was the same splendid regiment I had seen parade for the last time the previous day. Some rejoiced at the prospect of freedom from discipline; others, on the contrary—old soldiers, whose habits had been formed in the camp—knew not which way to turn, although the world was all before them where to choose. They parted from their horses, some of which had borne them through the hard-fought field of Waterloo, as from old friends whom they quitted for the last time. The 23rd Light Dragoons no longer exists, but the history of its gallant services in Egypt, at Talavera, and at

Waterloo still adorns the records of the British Army.

Being anxious to revisit all my old haunts in Paris, I went over there with the intention of remaining until I could get further employment. One day, walking in the gardens of the Tuileries, I saw an officer approaching, covered with decorations, who no sooner recognised me than he saluted me in the French fashion, by putting his arms round my neck and kissing both my cheeks. It is a custom which Englishmen are not partial to, and I was so taken by surprise that I hardly knew what to do. However, I soon found that my friend was no other than the Baron de Plessen, who had been Lieutenant-Colonel of one of the Dragoon Regiments quartered with us at Amiens. He appeared delighted to renew our acquaintance, informed me that he was then commanding the Lancers of the Guard, and finished by asking me to accompany him to the barracks and see the regiment. He introduced me to the officers as an old friend, and after taking a *petit verre* with them, I was shown over the barrack-rooms and stables.

In the former, the men slept one above the other; and in the latter, the horses were not separated by swinging bars, as with us. On the whole, I did not find much to admire.

This *rencontre* with the gallant Colonel of the Royal Lancers was the means of my obtaining the *entrée* of one or two of the principal theatres, of which the most remarkable at that time was the Académie Royale de Musique. Nothing could be more magnificent than the *mise en scène* of the operas and ballets represented there. In the former, however, the music was set so high that the singers were obliged to strain their voices to the utmost, and the effect was grating to the ear. Laïs, who was one of the celebrities of his day, bellowed like a bull; and I thought the more noise he made, the greater was the applause that followed. In the *ballet* there were many dancers of consummate talent; amongst whom Bigottini carried away the palm from all competitors. Splendid as the performances were, seen from the boxes or the pit (for there were no stalls then), the illusion ceased when the spectator was permitted to visit

the *coulisses*. The female dancers were of three classes—the Figurantes, the Coryphées, and the Premières. I might add a fourth, that of the Marcheuses. These last appeared in all processions, in groups, and whenever the whole *corps de ballet* came upon the stage. Like the generality of women of that calling at other national theatres, there were many antiquated beauties amongst them, who made up for the loss of their charms by the free use of powder, paint, and false hair. Others, again, retaining something of their original beauty, might be compared to the statues of Venus of Milo, or Diana the Huntress; not so ancient, it is true, but, like them, somewhat dilapidated. In the time of the first Napoleon, he went one night to witness the representation of the *Triomphe de Trajan*, in which the Marcheuses who figured were generally old and ugly. After acknowledging the *vivats* with which he was always received by the audience, he turned to his suite, and, in his usual abrupt manner, said, "What means all this? Who are these monsters that form the retinue of Trajan? Is it on such 'Magots' that my liberal allowances

to the theatre are expended? I will have a reform, an immediate and entire reform; let it be looked to to-morrow, or 'Je me fâche!'" The will of the Emperor was law. The Director and his myrmidons, not knowing which way to turn to comply with the Imperial commands, had to ferret out all the good-looking *Lorettes* they could find, to replace the proscribed band. The most brilliant theatre of the time was peopled with a new *corps* of Marcheuses, to be admired and caressed by the veteran followers of the Emperor, who, when they could obtain leave of absence, and visited Paris, filled the boxes of the Opera, and lavished on their favourites the spoils of conquered cities and kingdoms.

The Figurantes were those who were not sufficiently advanced in their studies to become Coryphées; and when the latter displayed superior talent, they were, after careful training under the first masters of the art, brought out as Premières Danseuses. The celebrated Vestris, a "vieux jeune homme" to the end of his days, was the great instructor of the most celebrated amongst them,

and his style was very different to that of Coulon, who succeeded him.

The fatigue the pupils went through in acquiring a knowledge of their art was something astonishing; they practised seven or eight hours daily. Coulon had a school which was frequented by all those who were anxious to attain eminence in their calling, and there I have seen young girls practise exercises that were infinitely more trying than any that soldiers undergo in the setting-up drill. It had its advantages, however, inasmuch as it gave great elasticity to the limbs, and a graceful deportment, so essential to those who make the stage their profession. To such a pitch was this system carried, that I have seen Albert, who took all the leading parts, stand on the point of his toes, spring into the air, and spin round three times like a top, returning to the same position without losing his *à plomb*. In fact, female as well as male dancers performed *tours de force* which were more astonishing than pleasing; and the first person who broke this, the established rule, was Taglioni. She had the merit of introducing

a more ladylike style, and, from dancing as a woman should dance, completely changed the public taste. She retained the grace of the old school without its formality, and the "style noble," as it was called, has been since banished from the stage as irrevocably as the Minuet de la Cour, the Gavotte, or our own old English dance of Sir Roger de Coverley.

In the side scenes, the mother of the ballet-girl, herself perhaps a decayed celebrity, was ever present, and ready to throw a shawl over her offspring as she left the stage; coming, night after night, with her little basket, containing *eau sucrée*, or diluted *vin ordinaire*, and the invariable four-legged stool, on which she sat during the performance, abusing the Director to the sisterhood for his want of discernment in not bringing more prominently forward the child on whom all her hopes were centred. So soon, however, as her daughter's talent was rewarded by a higher scale of salary, or enthusiastic admirers had enabled her to furnish an apartment in the neighbourhood of the Rue Grange Battelière, the old lady retired

from active service in favour of a *femme de chambre*, and usually ended her career by establishing a table-d'hôte, for five francs a head, at six o'clock, which was sure to be frequented by the *habitués* of the Opera, who came to talk over the success or the failure of the last new piece, and to extol the merits of the "enfant chérie" of the hostess. There were instances, I was told, of some of these women, who, like their prototype, the *Dame aux Camélias*, formed strong attachments, and followed the fortunes of the gallant soldiers of the Emperor. They exchanged the mimic representations of war on the boards of the Opera for the stern realities of the battle-field and the bivouac; and they were to be found amidst the smoking ruins of Moscow, and in the fugitive masses of the Grand Army. Some fell, never to rise again, victims to the intense cold, on the desolate and snow-covered plains they vainly endeavoured to traverse; others, again, ended their nomade life amidst the masses of floating ice at the fearful passage of the Beresina. To complete the picture of the Opera in those days, I must not omit another class of individuals who

were ever in and about the theatre. They seemed to be looked upon as fixtures, and they were employed as scene-shifters, or in the various callings of persons usually to be found in similar establishments. Some of the rising generation amongst them began their career as Cupids, suspended by copper wires, and the females in time became Figurantes; but they retained the stamp of early impressions by being very flighty in their behaviour as they advanced in years. The others were to be seen amidst the grim warriors in the suite of Fernand Cortez, or as Roman citizens, filling up the background; or they represented the people in classical operas. The French called them "rats," because they were always about, and rarely left the premises. They lived, and moved, and had their being where nought but the corrupted air of the oil lamps ever penetrates; or in a dim twilight like that of the long winter nights in the Polar regions.

On them the sun rarely or never shone, nor did they often inhale the pure breezes of heaven. To their eyes, the finest sky was that painted on

canvas; the most congenial soil, the boards of the stage; the most splendid prospect, boxes filled with the beauty and fashion of Paris, magnificent toilettes, and opera-glasses directed towards the performers. The exterior world had no charms for them, having no community of feeling with its inhabitants, and they existed in a little one of their own, like the dwellers in the happy valley of Rasselas.

The Danseuses had a saloon appropriated to their use, the flooring of which was slightly inclined, to accustom them to the public boards. Under it was the storeroom, in which the dresses and properties were kept: faded finery below, fresh and brilliant toilettes above.

The Opéra Comique, so eminently French, pleased me more than any other place of public amusement; and although the music of the pieces represented there is now rarely heard, and almost forgotten, yet that of the *Nouveau Seigneur du Village*, and similar operas, was worthy of a better fate; it was admirably adapted to the words, and the acting was so good that it never failed to

please. The Théâtre Français, where Talma reigned supreme for so long a period, was very classical and very dull. The long tirades of Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, and the old authors, were, no doubt, skilfully rendered by the consummate talent of the actors; but I always thought it a great trial of patience to sit for two or three hours listening to speeches of inordinate length, which, however fine in themselves, were, after all, but good specimens of French declamation. Shakspeare was then looked upon by the Parisians as an "outer barbarian;" but a change has come over them since, and they have learnt to appreciate "the divine Villiams."

Theatrical artists were never in a better position than they now are; and it would be curious to study their social *status* from the earliest period in which they are mentioned down to our own days. In the flourishing times of the Athenian Republic, those who were worthy of it, were held in the highest estimation. We read of two of them, Aristodemus and Neoptolemus, negotiating a peace with Philip, King of Macedon; and on another

occasion, Thessalus, who had passed over into Asia with a company of actors, to play before him, was charged by that Prince with a mission to bring about the marriage of Alexander with the daughter of a Satrap of Caria. When Alcibiades returned to his native land, it was the tragedian Callipedes who commanded the vessel in which he embarked. The Athenians, not satisfied with lavishing fortunes and honorary distinctions on their great actors, had their likenesses painted, and erected statues of them in brass and marble. In fact, the most brilliant pages in theatrical history are the earliest and the latest, for in Rome they were not even admitted to the rights of citizens. In the time of Augustus, however, their condition appears to have improved, and Cicero took lessons in declamation and deportment from Roscius and Æsop, both of whom amassed great wealth. The fall of the Empire brought with it that of the Theatre. There were no longer any actors; but in their places buffoons and grotesque performers wandered from town to town, exhibiting in the streets as we see similar personages do now, attracting crowds in great thoroughfares. There

were no public performances in the middle ages; but artists who were called "Trouvères" went when required to private houses, and there gave representations, which they prepared for the occasion. They were also called "ménestrels," or minstrels; and when they knocked at the castle gate of the feudal lord, where magnificence reigned, and *ennui* marred its enjoyment, they were generally well received. It often happened that a rich seigneur, to divert himself, detained those strolling players for days together; and the minstrels, well lodged, and faring sumptuously whilst under his hospitable roof, if they had succeeded in amusing the master and his household, carried off substantial proofs of the great man's satisfaction when they took their departure. We shower bouquets on the artists whose talent charms us. Our ancestors, on the contrary, would take off their rich mantle and throw it over the shoulders of the ménestrel whose performance had made a great impression on them, and that was the origin of our modern practice. The Church of Rome, which anathematizes comedians, and excommunicates them too, singularly

enough, set the example of public performances, when the Pilgrims from Palestine gave representations of the mysteries of our holy religion, the miracles performed by saints, and the exploits of the Crusaders. In the time of Charles V. of France, the *bourgeoisie* of Paris formed a society which they called "Confrèrie de la Passion," in opposition to the Pilgrims, for the purpose of performing mysteries in a saloon or hall constructed for the purpose. From the capital, the fashion spread to the provinces; and although strolling players rarely acted, they were on those occasions often assisted by municipal magistrates, and even nobles, who took certain parts, as at Valenciennes in 1547, when the "Mystère de la Passion" was exhibited. Louis XIII. was the first who raised the condition of dramatic artists, although he at the same time issued strong orders prohibiting their using any improper expression, or in any way shocking public decency: To Molière and Louis XIV. the profession owes a great deal. The first proved by his genius that actors were not a degraded race; and the latter, who was fond of the theatre, per-

mitted a noble to appear on the stage without derogating from his dignity. They lost ground under Louis XV., who declared that comedians should not, during his reign, enjoy the consideration they had done under that of his predecessor. The Revolution, which afterwards levelled all classes of society, raised that of dramatic artists. An actor is now placed upon the same footing as every other man; the absurd prejudices of an ignorant age have disappeared, and he is esteemed and treated in proportion to his public and private merit. I have confined my observations principally to the French stage, the history of our own being too well known to require comment.

If I were to take leave of Paris without noticing the restaurants of celebrity, it would be like enacting the play of *Hamlet* and omitting the principal character. Those of the greatest repute at the time were Beauvillier's, in the Rue Richelieu; the Rocher de Cancale; and another, the name of which I forget, opposite the famous café of Tortoni, on the first floor, above the *entresol*. Cooking has degenerated in Paris of late years, because most of

the cleverest artists have been tempted away, by liberal offers, to other countries. France, however, is the classic land of good living still. I think it is Brillat-Savarin who says that the inventor of a new dish renders a greater service to humanity than the discoverer of a new planet. The Marshal Duke of Richelieu, who gained so many victories—the Prince de Soubise, who was so successful in finance, are now less known, or rather remembered, for their triumphs or their reverses, than they are by the delicious cutlets to which they stood godfathers. Who now ever hears of the clever financier, Bechamelle, except in connexion with an excellent sauce to which his name has been given? Even the talented author of "René" and the "Martyrs," highly esteemed as he is by the present generation, will find quite as many admirers amongst the *gourmets* of future times, when they indulge in the exquisite Filets à la Chateaubriand. In one of his works, De Balzac gives a receipt for a dish which goes by the name of Omelette à la Balzac; and in the "Livre des Gourmets," his and the names I have quoted will be perpetuated

more surely than from being inserted in the list of members of the Academy. In those days good wine was to be had in the first-rate dining-houses but now chemistry has supplanted Noah and Bacchus, by making beverages into which no juice of the grape enters. *In vino veritas* has become a fallacy.

A Frenchman who rejoices in the name of Paul de St. Olive says, in speaking of the talent of Elius Verus for cookery, that we do not give all the credit that is due to the stomach for being very grateful; and that one of the means by which man can obtain his ends more surely than by any other, is by giving good dinners. He mentions a singular dish invented by the same Verus, which is, a wild boar boiled on one side and roasted on the other; and he gives a receipt for it. One side of the animal is to be covered with a thick paste of barley flour, well basted with oil and wine; it is then to be put into an oven, and slowly baked. The side that is covered looks exactly as if it had been boiled. A society has been established in Paris for encouraging the use of horseflesh for food, and the

authority of Hippocrates is quoted, as showing that in his time it was considered easy of digestion. The Romans, however, were not of his opinion, for they did not make use of it, although, singularly enough, they considered the flesh of the ass as a great treat. It was the wild animal that they preferred; and Celsus, in opposition to Hippocrates, thought the meat more nourishing than that of the horse. Mæcenas, the illustrious protector of artists and poets, took it into his head to have young domestic asses served at his table, and the fashion became general to eat them, instead of those that were brought from Phrygia and Africa; but at his death the taste of the Romans changed, and they again preferred the latter—probably because, as the animals came from distant countries, the dish was more rare and costly.

I always look with suspicion at those cheap restaurants where dinners of four or five dishes may be had for thirty or forty sous. It is not easy to say what the different *entrées* are composed of. Names not unknown to fame have lately sanctioned the use of horseflesh, and have proved their sin-

cerity by dining at a café where it was served in every possible shape; no doubt, the hint has not been lost upon the restaurateurs, who adapt their charges to the pockets of their customers.

To this complexion we may come at last; for in times gone by, little dogs were eaten and considered delicious, as they are by the Chinese of our time. It is curious to look back at the feasts given by the Romans, who were fond of good cheer. Heliogabalus had ten bears served up at one dinner, and one of the guests, Trimalcion, boasted of eating a great quantity; adding, "Since bears devour poor human beings, we only act rationally in eating them." Apicius was fond of camel's flesh, and particularly the heel of the animal. Parts of the elephant, too, occasionally appeared on the Roman tables, and the extremity of the trunk was considered a great delicacy. But I must not enter upon so wide a subject as that of French cookery. There is material enough, it is true, for writing a long treatise on the matter; and as I have already said more than I intended of that refined art, I must drop it, and resume my narrative.

CHAPTER IV.

Appointed to the 11th Light Dragoons—A jollification—Embark for India — Comfort on board — Excellent living — Ladies' society —Arrive at Calcutta—River "Dandies" unlike London ones—Caste—Suttee—Visit to the Zenana —"Amidst the Zenana so gay," (see Rowland's lines on his Kalydor)—Treatment of the sick—A Hindoo temple—Narrow escape from drowning—Cattle drivers—Seetacond—City of Allahabad.

In the early part of 1819, I exchanged into the 11th Light Dragoons, under orders for India. I joined them at Canterbury, just as the Army of Occupation was returning from France. We messed at the Fountain Hotel, and a large party of the Guards and officers of other corps dined in a room adjoining ours, but separated by a wooden moveable partition. After dinner I was deputed to inform them that we had drunk their healths. The words were scarcely out of my mouth when a simultaneous rush was made from both sides of the par-

tition, to remove it. Down it came, upsetting the two sideboards, and covering the floor with broken decanters and glasses. A scene of jollification ensued such as I have rarely witnessed; and, fortunately for the heads and constitutions of the present generation, public opinion no longer tolerates excess in drinking. Daylight appeared before the party broke up, and found some asleep, others singing "We wont go home till morning," and the carpet covered with the *débris* of the previous evening.

We embarked at Gravesend in March, 1819, on board of the *Atlas* and the *Streatham*, two fine Indiamen. The East India Company having a monopoly of the trade to the East, all their ships were commanded by their own officers, men of great experience, and the best navigators I ever sailed with. So correct were they in their reckoning, that after a tedious passage of five months, without touching anywhere, we made the land in Bengal precisely where the captain informed us we should do so. No private gentleman's table could have been better provided than was ours, although

we sat down thirty-six to dinner every day. In addition to the officers of the regiment, there were several lady passengers going out to join their relatives in Bengal. I find in one of my tablets that we had a young man on board who intended to enter the pilot service. He complained of constant suffering from rheumatism, which he said was hereditary in his family, and that he derived it from his father-in-law. It must have made some impression on me at the time as a novel feature in disease, since I thought it worth recording.

We dropped anchor in Diamond Harbour in the latter end of July, our ship drawing too much water to go further up the river. Canoes immediately came alongside with fruit and vegetables, which were eagerly purchased. The natives who were on board them were nearly in a state of nature, having nothing but a coarse cloth wrapper round their loins, which they girded up as their forefathers did of old. We were put into two brigs, sent down purposely from Calcutta. Mine was dignified by the name of the *Rajah Gobuddin*, a prince I never heard of before or since. They

were very crank, having no ballast in them; and at every puff of wind the troops were obliged to be moved over to windward, to prevent the vessel capsizing. On reaching Calcutta we were marched to Fort William, and occupied the barracks there.

The weather was oppressively warm; but as the Governor-General, the Marquis of Hastings, was in town, we all went, according to etiquette, to be presented to him, and, buttoned up to the throat in full dress, I think I never suffered more than I did then from the heat. When will common sense be exercised in selecting a proper uniform for soldiers? To dress a man in the tropics as you would in the cold climates of the north, is an absurdity. Cloth jackets should be done away with altogether in the East and West Indies, and linen blouses, or something of the sort, substituted for them. We are promised great reforms in the army, and it is to be hoped that this subject, so important to the comfort and health of the troops, may meet with the attention it deserves. As it is, they manage these things better in Algeria, and we might profit by the experience of the French.

After a fortnight's rest in Fort William, a sufficient number of budgerows, pinnaces, and boats for the officers and men, was collected to convey us to the Upper Provinces, Cawnpore, the head-quarters of the field army, being our destination. Each boat had its proper complement of men to navigate it, who go by the singular name of Dandies; very different to our preconceived ideas of that class of individuals. Like the rest of the poorer natives, they had no other clothing than the wrapper round the waist. In this they carried parched peas, or something of the sort, which they eat on their way. All day long these Dandies dragged us against the stream, and often, from the sinuosities of the Ganges, we found ourselves further south in the evening than we were on starting in the morning. At sunset we always came to an anchor, wherever it might be, and then the boatmen prepared their dinner, the only regular meal they make. They first form a circle of sand, within which they light their little fire, wash the rice, and prepare the fresh curry with vegetables. If by some unfortunate chance any of us, in getting out of the boats,

stepped within the mystic circle of sand, the contents of the cooking-pot were immediately thrown away as defiled. They eat their messes by dipping their fingers into the bowl, then make a roll of what they take, and after that push it down the throat, much in the same way that we stuff turkeys in England. When they have swallowed enough to satisfy their appetites, they cram in a further supply, to enable them, as they imagine, to go without eating till the following evening. Their stomachs gradually swell as the food goes down; and doubtless when the dandy rolls himself up in his coverlid, and retires to rest on his mat, uneasy dreams scare him and disturb his slumbers. If any class of individuals suffer from dyspepsia, I think they must.

I never myself witnessed a suttee, which at the time was not an uncommon occurrence, but I saw an account of one in the *Calcutta Journal*, which I give, as they are now forbidden by law. It occurred at a place called Borra, and the narrator thus describes the scene he witnessed:—"On my way to this place, I happened to pass a village called

Churcharie, where I was informed of a suttee that was about to take place. I therefore immediately rode to the village, where I saw preparations making, and an immense multitude collected. I went close to the unfortunate woman, and found her to be elderly, sitting on the ground with two children belonging to her, and, as is usual, well guarded by the police. After having performed some ceremonies customary among Hindoos, she was conveyed in an uncovered palkee to the pile, on which, after a little time, she bravely leaped, and caused the fire to be lighted. No sooner, however, had the flames reached her, than to my great delight she jumped out of the burning pile, and ran for protection to the police, who saved her life. The crowds of natives present said that, were it not for the British Government, they would have cut her to pieces with their swords, and thrown the body into the flames. God forbid I should ever witness such a fearful scene again! Some of these widows, however, not only quietly ascended the funeral pile, but allowed themselves to be burnt with a stoicism worthy of a better cause."

As long as we were within the province of Bengal, we were annoyed by the numbers of dead bodies that floated past us; for the Bengalees who cannot afford to burn their deceased relatives, invariably consign the corpses to the sacred river, which is to bear them to the Hindoo Elysium. It was a very disgusting but common sight to witness the vultures feeding on the bodies that floated, whilst those that were thrown on shore by the waves were devoured by the Pariah dogs that abound in Bengal, and particularly in the neighbourhood of the river Ganges. The first city of any importance we arrived at was Moorshedabad, the ancient residence of the princes of Bengal, and where their descendant still lives on a handsome stipend from the East India Company. Anxious to see something of the town, a brother officer and myself went in the evening, accompanied by our bearers, to visit the bazaars. They ran before us, telling all the people they met to get out of our way, and after leading us through narrow bye-lanes for some time, one of them knocked at the door of a house of mean appearance. It was

opened, and, entering a dark passage, we came to another door which was also opened, and then, to our infinite surprise, we found ourselves in a large courtyard surrounded by a Moorish arcade. Numerous lamps suspended from the ceiling shed a soft light, and on low couches at least a dozen beautiful girls were seated cross-legged, some of them smoking hookahs. Their dresses set them off to great advantage. They wore crimson silk trousers, embroidered with gold flowers, gold anklets, and rings on their toes. Their hair was parted in front, and many yards of muslin were artistically arranged round the body, passing over the head, the end being thrown over the left shoulder. Their arms, which were bare, were partly covered with glass bracelets as far as the elbow, and in their ears they wore gold earrings shaped like umbrellas. Their appearance was so unlike anything we had ever seen, that we were beyond measure astonished. An old woman, who imagined, I suppose, that we came there for the purpose of peopling our harem, expatiated at great length on their respective merits and beauties. But all her eloquence was

lost upon us, as we did not understand a single word she said. So, although we were filled with admiration at the contemplation of so much loveliness, we took our leave, not much wiser as regarded the history of the beauties before us, but in love with all of them, and we returned to our boats to think over and dream of their charms. We were told afterwards that it was not quite correct to walk about the bazaars, but we then knew little or nothing of the customs of the East.

I one day saw a Mahommedan, without a turban, standing by the side of the river, who gave me a vivid idea of what the natives of India must have been in the time of Alexander the Great, as described by Arrian. He was dressed in the finest white Dacca muslin—one of those beautiful articles which the cheaper English fabrics have nearly superseded—and it was draped after the fashion of the purest Greek statues. The materials used by the ancients for weaving the stuffs worn by the higher orders must have been very delicate, or they would not have draped so elegantly as they appear to have done, if we judge by the numerous

marble statues still existing. So also, at the present day, the real Cashmere shawl may be recognised from the extreme softness of its texture, and the graceful manner in which it hangs on the wearer.

As we ascended the river, the country on both sides of it was generally flat and uninteresting. Hindoo temples were numerous wherever there was a village, from which broad flights of steps led down to the stream, where the natives thronged to perform their daily ablutions. At Monghyr there is a range of hills that come down to the Ganges, covered with jungle; but soon after leaving the station, the country presented nothing but a dead level. The course of the river varies continually, for during the rainy season the floods wash away large tracts of land, and alter the channel. Every night, after the cattle had been killed and rations issued to the men of the regiment, large troops of jackals came down to feed on and quarrel over the remnants. They were so very noisy and troublesome that on one occasion, unable to sleep from the disturbance they created, I took my rifle and sallied forth, vowing vengeance against them. Seeing

two bright eyes of some animal glaring at me in the moonlight, I took a deliberate aim, fired, and hit him in the chest. Thinking the creature was killed, I went to see what I had shot, when, to my surprise, it flew at me, and I had great difficulty in protecting myself, and knocking out its brains with the butt-end of my rifle. It proved to be a large jackal, and I was afterwards told that they are very tenacious of life.

The cholera was raging in many of the districts we passed. Owing to the vegetable diet on which the Hindoos live, they have little stamina to resist disease, and I presume it is from this cause that it always commits great ravages wherever it appears amongst them. We suffered from it occasionally, but rarely; and it seemed as if we passed at times through a stratum of air charged with miasma of cholera, for it appeared and left us in the most unaccountable manner. That it was prevailing to a great extent in some places, is more than probable from what I witnessed myself. One evening, after we were moored for the night, I went out with a friend for a walk. There was a wood

near us, and following a narrow path in it we found ourselves in a plain of some extent, surrounded by jungle, on which were burning several fires. These proved to be lighted for the purpose of consuming the bodies of those who had been cut off by this dread disease, and the place conveyed a vivid idea of the infernal regions. Natives, with long bamboos in their hands, stood around them throwing wood into the flames, and occasionally thrusting into them any portions of the unconsumed bodies. A short view was quite sufficient to gratify our curiosity. Shocked and disgusted, we hastily returned to our boats.

The river Ganges is so sacred in the eyes of the Hindoos, that when the sick are supposed to be past recovery they are brought down to it, on the little low bedstead they commonly use, to die. Their noses and ears are stopped with mud from the Ganges, and the relatives sit round smoking their hubble-bubbles, awaiting their dissolution. In some instances they leave them to their fate. Near Benares I was in company with a gentleman in the civil service, and a friend, when we found a

young girl who had been so left, and was still alive. We immediately had her placed in a boat to take her to the hospital, but on the way to it she expired.

There must be a great and needless sacrifice of life where such practices prevail. As education is extended, the natives will probably see the absurdity of a faith which attaches so little importance to human life; but until the prejudices of caste shall have been overcome, Christianity will make no progress amongst the ignorant and bigoted Hindoos.

At Mirzapore I stayed a couple of days with a Mr. B——, who held, I believe, the appointment of collector. His residence was the first private gentleman's house I had seen in India, and I was not a little surprised at the splendour of his establishment. In the immediate neighbourhood of it was a Hindoo temple, which I was very anxious to visit, never having had an opportunity of going into one before. I accordingly went for the purpose of examining it minutely, and at the entrance was met by some Brahmins, to whom I intimated my wishes.

They were very polite, requested me to wait until a certain sacred carpet was rolled up out of my way, and then invited me in. Opposite to the doorway, the first thing that attracted my attention was a monstrous image of Gunga (the personification of the river god), painted pink, with large staring eyes. From each shoulder projected many arms, representing, I presume, the different channels of the Delta of the Ganges. What surprised me more than anything, were numerous engravings that were hung round the walls, in gilt frames, representing subjects of the Grecian mythology. Diana hunting was one of them. Whether they found any resemblance in the subjects depicted to the history of the acts of their own deities, I cannot say, but there they were.

Whenever our boats met others descending the river, a loud and long conversation, in which the word "pice" was frequently introduced, took place between our dandies and theirs. I found out afterwards that it was inquiries as to the price of rice in the up-country markets, and those from whence we came.

Poor simple souls, with them their daily bread is their only anxiety. Toiling from morn to night, they are not troubled with the cares of those who live amongst the busy haunts of civilized man. They have little thought for the morrow; and with them "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

The rainy season was at its height, and the Ganges overflowed its banks. The current was very rapid, and in many places the opposite shore was so distant, that trees of some size appeared little bigger than bushes. Occasionally it blew very strong, and then, if we had to cross the river, it became a service of considerable danger. The budgerows, shaped like tablespoons, have no hold on the water, and the rudder, somewhat of the same construction as that of the Chinese junks, projecting a long way behind the boat, seemed at times difficult to manage. The mangee, or head man, always steered, the dandies taking their orders from him, and towing us as horses do canal barges. When we had to cross from one side to the other, they, of course, came on board, and

hoisted a sail of great size, which would have been unwieldy had it not been made of thin, light material.

Vast quantities of mud are carried down the stream, and have probably, in the course of ages, formed the various low islands where the Ganges empties itself into the sea. One day I called to my servants to bring their boat, in which I had a young horse of Lord Charles Somerset's breed, from the Cape of Good Hope, alongside my pinnace. They accordingly did so, and I laid hold of a rope to jump on board. In doing so, the rope broke, and I fell into the stream between the two boats. On rising again, my head struck against one of them, and I was sent down a second time, so that when I got to the surface I had swallowed a considerable quantity of muddy Ganges water. The stream was so strong, that I was whirled round and round by eddies, and it carried me rapidly away. I found there was nothing left for me but to take it as coolly as I could. I encouraged myself by arguments such as "What is the use of being flurried?—take it quietly," and so

forth. Then I suddenly asked myself, thinking there was little chance of escape, if my death would form the subject of a paragraph in any English newspaper. The only apprehension I had was that of being laid hold of by an alligator, of which there are numbers in the Ganges. By dint of hard swimming, which I had learnt at Eton, and presence of mind, I kept myself up till, by a providential chance, I was seen by two men in a canoe, who came to my rescue, and pulled me out, a long way from the spot where I had tumbled in. The stream had carried me down, and away from the shore, in spite of myself. My servants soon after rejoined me with the pinnace, little expecting to find me again, and alive; but I felt the effects of my misadventure for some days after. The natives take advantage of the rapidity of the current to bring down herds of buffaloes during the rainy season. The animals are driven into the river, and the men in charge of them pass from one to the other by taking hold of their tails; they guide them as easily through the water as a Smithfield drover does a flock of sheep through

the streets to the market. At Seetacond we saw a spring of boiling water, in great repute for its purity. A temple is erected near the spot where it gushes out of the earth, and the attendant Brahmins derive a revenue from the sale of it. I took a considerable quantity with me to the upper country, and found it excellent. Some that I brought to England was as good when I landed at Liverpool as when it was drawn from the source. Large jars, like the Roman amphoræ for containing wine, are used on board the river boats to keep the Ganges water; and it being very muddy in the rainy season, a small quantity of powdered alum is stirred into it. After an hour or two all the impurities are precipitated to the bottom, leaving the water as clear as crystal.

Our journey to the upper country had now lasted upwards of two months, and I began to think we should never reach our destination; so that when we got to Allahabad, I asked and obtained permission to accompany a brother officer in advance of the fleet to Cawnpore, with the understanding that we were to rejoin the regiment

by water before it arrived at that station. The Hon. J. L—— had been my companion all the way from Calcutta. We lived and messed in the same boat, and his conversation enlivened many a long evening that we passed together. He is now no more; and the service lost in him one who would have been an ornament to it. Some connexion of his family held the office of Judge of the district, and we were hospitably received and entertained by him and his amiable wife, whom I had known in England.

Allahabad is a place of great sanctity amongst Hindoos, as there the Jumna and the Ganges meet, and flow on united to the sea. It was often selected by devout natives, who longed after immortality, as an appropriate place to drown themselves, and many did so by tying weights to their feet to ensure their sinking. Tradition marks the place (the ancient Palembothra) as the furthest point which Alexander the Great reached in his Asiatic campaign; others, again, are of opinion that his conquests extended much further to the southward; but it will, of course, ever remain a matter of doubt. Allahabad must certainly have been, even

in his time, a place of considerable importance in a military point of view. It is less so now than formerly, in consequence of the extension of our frontier to the northward.

In order to reach Cawnpore with as little delay as possible, it was arranged that we should go there by dawk; that is, we should have relays of bearers on the road to carry our palankeens, in lieu of a carriage and post-horses—a luxury unknown in India. Notice was given to the respective post-masters, so that we might be sure to have men to meet us at the various stations on our way. To prevent mistakes in exchanging the current coins, and save our pockets, we placed the exact amount we had to pay at each relay in paper parcels, and ticketed them. Four bearers carry the palankeen, and four others, who relieve them occasionally, run alongside, all grunting as they go, and frequently calling on the god Rham to ease their labours. Another carries the traveller's clothes in two baskets, hung at the extremities of a bamboo placed on his shoulder. Then at night there is a mussaultgee, or torchbearer, who precedes the palan-

keen, and lights the bearers on their way. On the whole, it is not a disagreeable mode of travelling, although rather slow. I believe since my time they use light carriages on high wheels, but it was as I describe in the year 1819. When railways shall have been established in India, people will look back with the same contempt on this primitive mode of conveyance, as we do on the old stage-coach of our ancestors, which took a week to run from York to London.

Before I bid adieu to Allahabad, I must mention a singular infatuation of the Hindoos, in reference to the sanctity of the river in this particular spot, which I omitted to notice in speaking of it. They shave their heads, and carefully throw all the hair into the stream, believing that each separate hair so deposited will ensure them a million years of paradise.

If such a fact were generally known, it would doubtless open a wide field for the enterprise of our numerous manufacturers of bears' grease.

CHAPTER V.

Banks of the Ganges—A night's mishap—An Eastern caravanserai—Hospitality of an ex-colonel of Napoleon's army—Join my regiment at Cawnpore—Officers' quarters—Cavalry horses—Flight of locusts—Wet season—Illustration of the old saying, "It never rains but it pours"—Native sovereignties—Luxurious habits of the residents—Attempt to murder a sergeant—The prisoner found guilty—A military execution—Reflections thereon.

We left Allahabad before sunrise, and nothing particular occurred during the day. The district through which we passed was more interesting than any other we had previously seen. The peasantry all carried shields and spears, and the villages were surrounded with mud walls, as in a country where there is little security for life or property. That was by no means the case at the time, but it was before the Douab was ceded by the King of Oude to the East India Company, in

1803, and the inhabitants, from the force of habit, in all probability, retained the customs of their forefathers in less peaceable times.

It was after nightfall that we reached the residence of a gentleman who held a high official appointment on the banks of the Ganges. Intimation of our coming had been sent to him previously, but by some unfortunate chance the letter never reached its destination, and when our palankeens were put down in the verandah of his house, we found to our dismay that he was not there. Our bearers took their pay, made their salaams, and went their way. There was no one to give us any information; nor could we, from our ignorance of the language, have asked any questions, nor understood what was said to us. We were in a great dilemma, for not only were we without bearers, but without food also. However, we made a virtue of necessity, closed the doors of our palankeens, and went to bed in them, supperless. The next morning we refreshed ourselves by jumping into a cold bath, and as we had pen, ink, and paper with us, I wrote to tell the Dawk Moonshee, whom

I knew must be somewhere in the neighbourhood, of our situation.

By saying "Dawk Moonshee," and putting a rupee into the hands of a native who was loitering about the premises, I contrived to get it forwarded. A reply came in Persian, which was as unintelligible to both of us as the cuneiform characters of the Nineveh inscriptions are to the visitors at the British Museum. About four o'clock in the afternoon more bearers arrived, to our infinite satisfaction, and carried us to a place on the high-road, about eight miles distant from the spot where we had passed the night. Some policemen came to look at, and took compassion on us. By signs we made them understand that we were in want of something to eat and drink. Accordingly, one of them brought goats' milk in a brass pot, which he would not allow us to touch; but taking off his girdle, poured its contents through the linen into our mouths, and it afforded us sufficient relief to proceed on our journey. Soon after sunset, when we hoped and expected to see other bearers, they brought us ponies without saddles, and with

ropes round their heads instead of bridles. We left our palankeens with the police, and mounted our wretched steeds, folding our cloaks to sit upon.

Two men accompanied us to show the way. We passed numerous nullahs, in which there was a good deal of water, much to our discomfort, and at midnight reached a police station—just in time, as my comrade's animal was completely knocked up. Here mine was fed, and my friend procured another. We found afterwards that one of our animals had lost its ears from a disease peculiar to India—at least, I never saw it anywhere else—and I think it goes by the name of "Besotty," ulcers breaking out, which, if not stopped, must ultimately cause death. All night we trudged along, not knowing where they were leading us; but as morning broke we reached a sort of caravanserai, and found some more native policemen, who did their best to minister to our wants, by making some cakes of flour and water, and assuaging our thirst. Nothing could induce my friend to remain where we were during the heat of the day; so, mounting a policeman's horse, he rode off to Cawnpore, some eighteen

miles distant. I was then left alone in a room about twelve feet square, the walls of which, as well as the floor, were plastered with mud. All day long I became quite an object of attraction to the neighbouring inhabitants, who crowded the doorway to peep at me, wondering who or what I was, and what I could be doing in such a place. This, with the oppressive atmosphere of the room, rather disturbed my equanimity, and therefore, as soon as the great heat of the day began to diminish, I procured a horse, and, accompanied by a mounted policeman, started for my destination. I never rode such an animal before or since. Perhaps he had never seen, and certainly he had never been ridden by a European. He bounded like a deer, and we galloped nearly the whole way to Cawnpore, and there I had no difficulty in finding the house of the gentleman to whom we had letters of introduction. It so happened that he had invited a large party of friends to dinner on that day, and amongst them was seated my friend J. L——, who had preceded me. Covered with dirt, and unshaven, I entered the room where the guests were at table,

and my appearance created no little merriment. I looked very much like Dr. Slop, after his fall in the dirty lane; but the kind and hospitable reception I met with, soon made me forget all my troubles.

After a rest of two or three days, we availed ourselves of the offer of a fine ten-oared boat, which was liberally provisioned by our kind friends, to descend the Ganges and meet the regiment. Our boatmen pulled us leisurely down the stream, for owing to the melting of the snow in the high mountains of the north, the current was rapid; and the boats coming up were considerably delayed by it. Consequently, when the sun set, and the expected fleet was not in sight, we began to consider what had better be done. The men were desirous of bringing-to on the Oude side of the river; but we contrived to get them on till it became dark, when they would proceed no further. In all tropical countries, the day and night are of nearly equal duration, and there is little or no twilight. We had observed on nearing the shore that there was a large house in the vicinity, and

seeing lights appear and disappear through the windows, we were satisfied that it was inhabited, and therefore made up our minds to pay our respects to the proprietor of it. Accordingly, after seeing our pinnace securely moored, we went up to the mansion and sent in our cards. A gentlemanly-looking man came out and addressed us in French, inviting us to enter and spend the evening with him. We were introduced to a circle of five or six persons, some of whom were ladies, and all French.

Both of us had recently visited Paris before leaving England, and we were overwhelmed with questions on every subject connected with it. Our host proved to be an ex-Colonel of the French army, sincerely attached to the cause of Napoleon, who, after the battle of Waterloo, had expatriated himself and established an indigo manufactory on the spot where we had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. He had been aide-de-camp to General Daendels, who was Governor of Java when the island was captured by the force sent from India. His establishment was on an extensive

scale, and denoted the success of his endeavours to acquire an independence. We passed a delightful evening, and on retiring to our boat, were invited to repeat our visits when permanently established at Cawnpore—a permission of which we frequently availed ourselves afterwards.

The next day we fell in with the regiment, and went with it to Cawnpore, where the men were marched into barracks. The officers lived in bungalows, most of which they were obliged, at great inconvenience, to purchase and furnish. These residences, in addition to a good-sized kitchen-garden, have, moreover, the advantage of what is there called a compound—that is, a certain portion of land surrounded by mud walls, with tiles on the top of them to prevent the rain from softening and washing them away. The gardens, if properly attended to, produce fine vegetables; and every morning, after or at breakfast, the gardener, making a profound salaam as he enters the room, brings his varied collection of fruit and whatever else he raises, to the owner of the establishment. The expense of living is considerable, from the number of

servants Europeans must necessarily keep. For instance, I and another officer lived together, and we had each in our pay—one head bearer and his assistant, one tailor, one gardener, one mussaultgee or lamplighter, a cook, a hookahbadar and his assistant, a washerman, and six bearers for our palankeens, besides one or two syesses or grooms for the stable. At and about the officers' houses, most of which are situated on the banks of the Ganges, trees are planted, but the neighbourhood of the cantonment was entirely denuded of them: a rocky, sandy plain extended a long way from the lines, and rendered the place oppressively hot and dusty. From October to June, clouds of fine sand are blown about, and penetrate every crevice.

Our house, unlike the generality of these habitations, had a flat roof, and was built in the Italian style, with a portico overlooking our garden and the river. No one moved out during the day, except in palankeens; the drills always took place at an early hour in the morning, and we returned to our quarters an hour or two after sunrise.

The regiment we were sent to relieve quitted the

station a month before our arrival, and the horses had been left in charge of the syesses, who are always attached to cavalry corps, and are employed in fetching the dried roots of grass on which the horses feed, besides assisting in the stables. The up-country horses on which, with the exception of our squadron of Arabs, we were mounted, being naturally bad-tempered animals, and not having seen Europeans for some time, would scarcely allow the approach of our men, several of whom were severely injured by kicks and bites. The squadrons were coloured: thus there was one grey, another black, another brown, and so on. I remember that on the first field-day we had, the chesnut squadron, in charging, ran away with their riders, and, happening to be amongst them, I thought my legs would have been broken, they kicked so violently. The native dealers, who bring the horses from the north for sale, have a method of quieting them which I saw practised; and from what I witnessed, I can testify to its making them as docile as lambs. At sunset, when they are fed, they give them rice and grain mixed with sugar and a certain portion

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of opium. As long as the effects of the drug last, they are easily managed, but as it wears off, they are just the reverse.

A good many of these animals were purchased for the service, and in some instances they proved almost unmanageable; but they could support a great deal of fatigue. The Arabs are good horses too, but they have a shuffling gait in walking, and are apt to stumble; nor is their speed to be compared to that of the English race-horse. One day we had a visitation of locusts. A small cloud appeared in the horizon, not bigger than a man's hand, gradually increasing in size till it quite darkened the heavens; and innumerable masses of these destructive insects descended on the grass, the trees, and every green thing.

The noise they made in devouring the leaves and plants was something like mice nibbling a board. All vegetation was utterly destroyed, and such great numbers of them afterwards died, that we feared it would create a pestilence. The natives turned out of the bazaars, firing muskets, beating tom-toms, and shouting to drive them away, but

all to no purpose. I could never ascertain from whence these vast flights of locusts come, that are so common in the East.

During the rainy season the vegetation is luxuriant, and when it ceases, the cooler weather comes on. The hot winds blow in March, April, and May, which is considered a healthy portion of the year. The heat, however, would be almost insupportable to Europeans, were it not that screens of dried grass are fixed in the windows of their bungalows, and being kept constantly wet, the air on passing through them is cooled by evaporation.

Previous to the rainy season, however, after the hot winds have ceased to blow, there is an interval of ten days or a fortnight during which there is scarcely a breath of air, and the temperature is very oppressive.

I witnessed the setting in of the rains, which usually commence in the same manner. A cloud is seen in the distance, which announces a storm. Every one closes the doors and windows of his house; for vast masses of fine sand are carried along by the whirlwind, and penetrate everything.

Although this occurred about two in the afternoon, it became dark as night; the thunder and lightning were violent, and we were obliged to light candles as long as the storm lasted. Notwithstanding all our precautions, the flooring of the rooms and the furniture were covered with dust. It ended by torrents of rain falling for an hour or more, and then, as the dense mist cleared away, everything became calm and still.

Cawnpore,* at the time of which I write, was a station of considerable importance, and a large force was always concentrated there, to hold in check the independent kingdom of Oude, on the opposite side of the river—a country badly administered ever since the British have held dominion in India, and in which the Zemindars, a sort of feudal chieftains, often revolted against the kingly government at Lucknow. It is now annexed to the British territory, and very plausible reasons are given for dethroning the reigning monarch. What may be the result of this gra-

* This was written a year ago. What comments might now be made!

dual extinction of native sovereignties remains to be seen. I always imagined that such states as Oude, badly governed as they were, exercised a favourable influence on our own populations, as they showed them the advantages of living under the rule of a power which protected their persons and their properties. It seems, however, that Indian statesmen think otherwise, and that the ultimate annexation of all free states in India is merely a question of time and convenience.

This process is slow, but sure. Some princes are allured by the offer of munificent pensions, which they prefer to the uncertain incomes they extort from their unwilling subjects; others, again, have lost in defeat the vast lands gained by the valour of their ancestors, and they remain princes only in name. Thus the descendant of the Great Mogul himself retains all the barren honours of royalty, without any of its prerogatives, except within his own Palace at Delhi. But as the heir-apparent, Mirza Fakmoodeen, died so lately as the 10th of July, 1856, it is probable that, in default of heirs, the last remnant of sovereignty will expire too,

and that shortly, for at the time I write the old monarch is ninety-three years of age. The only sure hold we have upon our Indian subjects is a conviction that we govern them justly, although firmly; for we can hardly be said to hold the country by military rule, when we reflect that the whole European army of India does not amount to 40,000 men, spread over vast regions.

The luxurious habits of the old residents were almost proverbial at one time; and I may mention, as an instance, that Mr. R——, with whom we resided on our first visit to Cawnpore, was renowned for the splendour of his establishment and the generous hospitality he exercised. There were not, at that time, two of the civil servants of the Company whose houses could be compared to his, either in the number of the servants, the equipages, or the regal style in which he lived.

He had cows from Alderney, Arab horses from Bushire, and a good dairy. There was a bath of clear running water under cover, and on either side of it rooms for the bathers to dress and undress in. Every evening, before the eight o'clock dinner, this

bath was lighted up with wax-candles. The servants were attired in scarlet and gold Mahommedan dresses, and white and gold turbans. In the passages, and at the doors, stood tall men in the same uniform, with silver maces, who had little to do but open doors, carry messages, and attend their master on state occasions. In manner and appearance he bore a remarkable resemblance to George the Fourth, and he was a universal favourite with the natives, who are very fond of splendour and display, and pay much deference to a man who makes a great appearance.

I heard afterwards in England, that when on his way to Lucknow, and whilst in the dominions of the King of Oude, a party of Dacoits, probably expecting a rich booty, attacked and speared him to death in his tent at night.

The military duties of the station were not heavy. We were inspected by an old Indian general, who had spent fifty years of his life in the country; and, much to the amusement of the men, he came on the ground mounted on an elephant. There was a good deal of drinking amongst the sol-

diers, who led a very monotonous life, and the spirit they bought was enough to ruin the strongest constitution. Although the most stringent measures were adopted to prevent its sale, yet there were always natives who would risk even a severe flogging to smuggle it into the men's lines, and some died from drinking it to excess. I thought our finest dragoons were the first to go, for spare, active men seem to stand hot climates much better than the stouter built European. There was a great want of occupation for the troops during the day. How they contrived to pass their time I never could understand, except that they slept away many of the dull hours before the bugle sounded for evening parade.

The stables for the horses were well ventilated and conveniently built. They were simply roofs supported by pillars, with large mats hanging down on either side, which were raised up during the day, and were let down at night. The horses were all picketed—that is, two ropes are strapped round their hinder heels, and then fixed to a peg in the ground behind them. This prevents their

kicking or lashing out as you approach them, which they would do without such a precaution.

There was an agreeable society at Cawnpore, composed of the Government officers and their families, and during the day we contrived, by visiting alternately at each others' houses, to occupy our leisure hours; but, after all, there was a great sameness in such an existence.

I was one day visiting the barrack-rooms, accompanied by a sergeant, when he stepped aside to warn one of the men for duty. For some unknown reason, the man took down his carbine and deliberately fired at us, hitting the sergeant, who had turned towards me, in the shoulder. The wound did not prove fatal eventually, but the soldier was tried for the offence by a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot. On the appointed day, the whole force, amounting to nearly 7000 men, was paraded, to be present at and witness his execution, on the plain where we usually exercised. Three sides of a square were formed, and at the open end a grave was dug. The culprit, pinioned, and on foot, was attended by the garrison chaplain. The band,

with muffled drums, came first, playing the "Dead March in Saul;" a strong guard preceded and followed, and his coffin was carried before him. The procession marched along the whole line of troops as they were formed, and I observed the man kept the step the whole time. As he passed before his own regiment, he bowed to those of his comrades whom he recognised; and when he reached the ground where the execution was to take place, his coffin was placed in front of the grave; he was made to kneel on it, and his eyes were bandaged. The proceedings of the court-martial and the sentence having been read, by a preconcerted signal the firing party presented and shot him. His death was instantaneous; but from a convulsive movement of the muscles, he gave a kick with one leg and fell forward. The troops broke into open column when all was over, and marched past the corpse in quick time.

It was a very distressing and disagreeable sight to witness; but examples are sometimes necessary, and in this instance no one could dispute the justness of the award for so great a military crime.

CHAPTER VI.

I exchange into a regiment going home—Journey from Patna to Burdwan—A monkey's tale of a traveller—Calcutta—Private theatricals—"School for Scandal"—Lord Hastings—Remarks on management and *mis*management in India—Embark on board the *Albion*, of Liverpool, for Albion—St. Helena—Napoleon I.—Disappointment at not seeing "l'Homme du jour"—"Les perroquets terribles"—Land in Wales—Old England—Coronation of George IV.—A pleasant page (at least) in my history—Appointed page to the late Earl Portarlington.

THERE appearing no chance of our being called into active service, I asked leave, and obtained permission, to exchange into a regiment going home. Bidding adieu to all my comrades, I proceeded by boat as far as Patna, and from thence went, by dawk, by way of Burdwan to Calcutta. Nothing particular occurred as we descended the river, except on one occasion, when my head servant came to me in a great hurry, and evidently alarmed, to beg I would at once order the boatmen to put off from

the shore, where we were going to pass the night, as he feared Dacoits were coming from a village in the distance to attack us.

I certainly saw thirty or forty men, many of them armed, who were very suspicious looking; and being alone, I thought it prudent to follow his advice, and drop further down the river, to anchor on the opposite side. Seeing this, they all turned back, and we heard no more of them.

The road from Patna to Burdwan was very wild, and in some parts of the hills passed through forests that extended, I was told, hundreds of miles in a south-west direction. The mussaultgee, who carried a lighted torch, ran before us, occasionally beating a tom-tom attached to his waist. In the middle of the night, whilst in a rough, narrow path, with trees and jungle on both sides of us, I was suddenly awoke by the bearers putting down my palankeen, and shouting very loud. I opened the door, got out to see what was the matter, and found that some wild animal, either an elephant or a tiger, had crossed our path. The mussaultgee was waving his torch, and making a

great noise; so were the bearers; but finding I could be of no use, I quietly returned to my palankeen, and awaited events. This continued for some time, until at last the men acquired confidence, and started off at a jog-trot, calling on Rham to protect us. In the morning I found a hut, built in a small village, for the convenience of travellers, containing a few tea-cups and other crockery, with a table and chairs, in charge of a native, who got me some breakfast. Before we reached Burdwan, we passed a spot in great repute amongst the Hindoos, as there is shown the print of the foot of one of their deities—I forget his name —on a high rock, which he stepped on in coming from Ceylon, and going I know not whither.

There was also a large grove filled with monkeys, who chattered and made a great noise when they saw me. Some of them were perfect caricatures of human nature, and were fondling and playing with the young ones as nurses do with babies. They are treated with kindness and a certain respect by the Hindoos, who never molest them, and they are to be seen about the trees and huts in

most of the villages of Bengal. The reason for this, I was told, was as follows:—One of their gods had a very pretty wife, and another god fell in love with her, and carried her off to Ceylon. The husband, on returning from hunting, finding his wife absent, made anxious inquiries after her, and at last ascertained what had happened. He forthwith raised a large army of monkeys, put himself at their head, and with their assistance succeeded in recovering his *cara sposa*.

I said I was told this history of the monkeys; but travellers sometimes retail wonderful stories, which are anything but correct. I remember once finding myself in a diligence with a French gentleman, who was inclined to be a *farceur*, and an Englishman. The latter made inquiries about all the places we came to, and inserted the answers in a journal he kept. At Saumur, he wanted to know from the Frenchman what the town was remarkable for; and he, winking at me, answered, "Monsieur, dans ce pays ci, il-y-a une immense consommation de grénouilles. On les estime beaucoup. Saumur en exporte pour le moins un

million par an!" This was, of course, inserted in the traveller's journal, and, for all I know, it may have appeared in some Statistical Report, or Travels in France, as a remarkable circumstance. Nothing occurred worth mentioning as I drew nearer to Calcutta, and I arrived there without accident, but very much fatigued with the heat and the jolting of the palankeen.

I at once went to the house of a friend, who was one of the aides-de-camp of the Governor-General, the Marquis of Hastings. At the earliest opportunity I paid my respects to Major-General Sir Wm. Kier Grant, commanding the division, who resided in Fort William, and the morning after I received a note from him desiring my immediate presence at his quarters. He then told me his aide-de-camp was leaving him from ill-health, and offered me the appointment, which I at once accepted, and I took up my residence at the Fort in the house occupied by the General, over one of the gateways. Our quarters were lofty and spacious, and there was ample accommodation for a strong garrison.

Every night, at gun-fire, troops of jackals issued from their hiding-places in the ditches, and from under the guns of the Fort, and gave tongue like a pack of foxhounds; but I never saw one in the daytime. There were many adjutant birds, too, in and about the men's barracks, who act as scavengers, and are forbidden to be disturbed, although it often happens that tricks are played upon them, such as tying two bones together with a long string, and as they are instantly swallowed, it is ludicrous to see two birds endeavouring to pull their neighbour's bone from the capacious bag which hangs under the throat, and contains everything they pick up.

Calcutta is too well known to render it necessary for me to say much respecting it. From being the seat of Government, and one of the greatest emporiums of trade in the East, it has all the bustle and many of the advantages of a great capital. The society is numerous and good, and whenever the Governor-General lives there continuously, as Lord Hastings did, it is very gay. I believe, however, that as a resi-

dence it is expensive, and the climate is oppressively hot.

The theatre, during the time I was there, was well attended. The actresses were professionals from England; the actors, civilians and officers of the garrison. Amongst those who took the leading parts were Colonel Carlo Doyle and Mr. Alsop,* both of whom were excellent performers. I remember, on one occasion, *The School for Scandal* being acted with great success—*Charles Surface* by the Colonel, and *Joseph* by my friend the aide-de-camp. I myself occasionally took some of the minor parts, it being my first appearance on any stage. The pleasantest part of the evening was the supper in the green-room, of which all the actors partook. Lord Hastings was a constant attendant at our representations, and of course all the leading society of Calcutta, besides a considerable sprinkling of rich natives, many of whom understand English, and speak it very well and fluently. There was something strange in the appearance of so many turbaned heads in the pit and

* He married Mrs. Jordan's daughter.

boxes; and although many of them could follow the performance and understand what was said, yet some of their remarks were very amusing. A young Kitmutgar, who was present on one occasion when *Othello* was played, was asked the following morning by his master what he thought of it. He expressed himself pleased, but could not understand why Desdemona did not tell the Nawab, as he called Othello, that her handkerchief was at the washerwoman's. He explained the death scene by saying that she was lying on a couch, and "the Nawab, him cut her up very well." Occasionally some of the Hindoo Rajahs were "at home," and then we were entertained with Nautches. There was a native female singer, the Catalani of Bengal, who always appeared at these parties, but I confess I could find nothing to admire in her vocalization.

On one occasion we went to Berhampore, where a native regiment was stationed, and after seeing them in the field, the General inspected their quarters and the hospital. As is usual in like cases, I preceded him; and observing a Sepoy, as I thought, gasping for breath, I called the surgeon, but before

he could come to his assistance he was dead. I mention this to show how feebly constituted they are.

Official duties occupied a considerable portion of my time, for it was now the cold season, and the usual inspection of the various regiments in the command was going on. The Bengal Sepoys are a handsome race of men, generally quiet and well-behaved, and some of the native officers were very soldierlike. I understood that there was no difficulty in obtaining recruits, and they are of a higher caste than those of the other Presidencies. most of the Bengal Sepoys being Rajpoots or Brahmins. Though possessing the good qualities I have alluded to, there are objections to an army composed as is that of the Bengal Presidency. These Sepoys have always been more inclined to revolt for frivolous reasons than those of Madras or Bombay; indeed, the latter have hitherto been remarkable for their fidelity. The recent mutinies at Delhi, Meerut, and elsewhere, prove that a change is necessary, either in the manner in which the regiments are officered, or in the selection of

the men who compose them. The Irregular Cavalry in my time were good soldiers, obedient, and attached to their officers, who are few in number; but the Commandant has much more power, and is less hampered in carrying out the discipline of his corps, than the Colonel of the line. The consequence is, that the men look up to him as dependents do to the head of a clan. A system that has worked so well might, I should think, be adopted in the regular regiments, but it would necessitate a total change in their organization. I would give them four European officers only—a Colonel, a Major, an Adjutant, and a Quartermaster—the first having increased power conferred upon him. It should be made an object of ambition to young men to get into the regular corps, and I would give the superior appointments to such officers only as show themselves worthy of them, by a knowledge of languages and the native character. As matters stand at present, they are more desirous of obtaining staff or other situations, than of remaining with their regiments. Young men, on first joining, might do duty with the Queen's or Com-

pany's European troops; and as they were recommended for displaying the necessary talent and acquirements, they might be drafted from them.

From the moment that there was a difficulty in getting into the line, it would become an object of ambition on the part of all who were desirous of distinguishing themselves—and I have no doubt the native soldier would again feel towards his officer the same respect and affection that he did in the days of Clive, and in the early portion of our Indian rule.

If we wish to retain India, however, there must be less intermeddling on the part of the Imperial Parliament with the Indian authorities. We are rather too much inclined to super-legislation, and measures are brought forward in England by well-meaning persons, totally ignorant of the people for whom they are making laws, which are passed by the Lords and Commons, and the Indian Government, having no voice in the matter, is obliged to carry out instructions that they know to be prejudicial. An instance in point is the Educational minute concocted at home, approved by the Houses

of Parliament, and put in force in the three Presidencies three years ago. Ever since a feeling of distrust has prevailed, from the natives imagining we wish to tamper with their religion, and convert them to Christianity. It would be wiser, I think, to let the Indian Government—the members of which thoroughly understand the native character—govern in the way they think most advisable. British India is not yet, nor will it be for very many years, sufficiently enlightened to understand a constitutional *régime*, or a divided authority such as that on which the destinies of our Eastern possessions now hang. I can see no valid reason for withholding some of the higher Government appointments from natives of rank, influence, and talent. Probably an admixture of the native element would have a very beneficial effect in more respects than one.

Although the days were very hot, the nights were cold in November and December—sufficiently so to freeze water left out till morning in shallow pans; since then, I hear, the Wenham Lake ice has been introduced.

The General's period of service expired in 1821, and it was our intention to have returned to Europe by way of Persia, but various circumstances occurred to prevent our doing so. We therefore engaged our passage on board the *Albion*, of Liverpool, commanded by Captain Fayrer, a distinguished officer of the Royal Navy. As we sailed down the Bay of Bengal, we one day observed the sea breaking high over what appeared to be a sandbank, and on the chart that particular spot was marked as the Bale of Cotton rock, from its similarity to one; but its exact position was not known, and its very existence was even disputed. We therefore approached as nearly as we could with safety, and found that it was an immense tree, covered with barnacles, that had been brought down from the mountains by some flood, and was floating about in the open sea. It is probable that many such rocks are put down in charts, which are nothing more than what we fell in with. Off the Island of Mauritius, although at a great distance from it, and again to the southward of Madagascar, we experienced very bad weather and a

high sea; but we ran before a strong gale, and rounded the Cape without any difficulty. At the end of March we were approaching St. Helena, and I felt so anxious about our not missing the island, that I remained on deck the whole night. At daybreak I could distinctly see the lofty outline of the island, but it was not till the afternoon that we reached it. The Emperor Napoleon was then a prisoner there, and great precautions were taken to prevent his escape. A naval force was stationed in the bay, sending out cruisers to overhaul all vessels approaching the island, and a corvette that ran down to us, desired the Captain to lay-to. An officer, who was sent on board, after ascertaining from whence we came, whither we were bound, and the names of the passengers, told us we might hoist sail and follow the corvette, which made signals to the authorities on the island.

As we neared the anchorage at James Town, two artillerymen came out on a battery that projects from a high cliff, holding up a large white sheet, on which was written, "You may pass," and we brought-to in the bay, not far from the town. The

Admiral sent his barge, and the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, his aide-de-camp, to invite the General with his staff to the Government House. As we pulled in towards the landing-place, the batteries saluted, and a carriage was in waiting to convey us to the Government House, where a large party was invited to meet the General at dinner. The Marquis de Montchenu and all the foreign residents were present at it.

After having been some time at sea, I know nothing more delightful than finding oneself in a good house, surrounded by English comforts. When I awoke in the morning, and heard the birds singing on the branches of trees that came up to my window, I almost imagined I was under the influence of a dream.

The General had been attached to the Austrian army in the early campaigns of Napoleon in Italy, and was present at the battle of Marengo. On various occasions he had been of service to French officers taken prisoners, and being well known by name and reputation to the ex-Emperor, he was naturally desirous of paying his respects to him;

so, after a consultation with Sir Hudson Lowe, it was arranged that I should go to Longwood and see the staff of Napoleon, to make arrangements for a visit in form the next day.

I started accordingly on my mission, and was highly pleased with the country I rode through. An orderly dragoon accompanied me. In places where I least expected it, sentries were posted, and it was evident that the Imperial prisoner was closely watched. On arriving at my destination, I saw General Montholon and others of the suite; and after communicating the object of my call, they expressed their regrets, but assured me the Emperor was too ill to receive any one. He was living in a small brick house, not unlike our suburban villas in England, and I passed close to his window, to my great mortification, without getting even a glimpse of him. The British Government had sent out a very good wooden house, which was erected and furnished for his use, but he would not occupy it. Finding there was no chance of obtaining an audience, I returned home to give an account of the non-success of my mission. Sir Hudson

Lowe afforded every facility for carrying out the General's wishes, although, from what I had previously heard, I expected he would have thrown difficulties in our way. One of the medical staff, who constantly saw Napoleon at the time, told me his case was hopeless; and six weeks afterwards he died.

On the second night of our stay at the Governor's, we all went to an amateur performance in the theatre of James Town. The female parts were filled by young officers of the navy, and the evening went off with considerable *éclat*.

Before taking leave of St. Helena, I must say I never saw such an ugly population anywhere. The intermarriages of Negroes, Chinese, Brazilians, and English, do not produce a handsome race of beings, for all the bad points are retained, and the good ones are lost, in the mixture of blood.

From the time we left India until we arrived at St. Helena, I felt the greatest anxiety to be admitted to an interview with the Emperor Napoleon. Speaking French fluently, which at that time few

of his visitors did, I calculated upon a long and interesting conversation with him, and was proportionately disappointed when his suite informed me that he was too ill to be seen. The kind reception we met with at the Governor's, and perhaps, too, the pleasure of feeling ourselves once more on *terra firma*, made me regret our departure very much. I thought the climate salubrious, and, with the exception of James Town, which is situated in a valley between high rocks, not disagreeably hot, as the south-east trade-wind blowing over it, tempers the air. I have always observed in the southern hemisphere, that when there is much southing in the wind, the air is cool, coming as it does from vast fields of perpetual ice.

One day, near the Western Isles, we fell in with a small schooner, so deeply laden that I thought she never could reach England. Her crew consisted of two Englishmen and three Kroomen, and she was from the coast of Guinea, bound to Liverpool with a cargo of palm oil and ivory. On her decks and in her rigging there were many monkeys and parrots, for sale at home. I bought a couple

of grey parrots, and gave them in charge to the seamen in the forecastle, where they were taught to speak, and I brought them as remarkable birds to London. I found, however, they had received a very indifferent education; for they swore like troopers, and I was obliged to dispose of them, as they quite scandalized the people of the house where I was lodging.

A fair wind carried us up the Irish Channel, and as we laid-to off the Island of Anglesea for a pilot, some of our party went on shore at Amlwch (I know not how the Welch pronounce it), and I proceeded on alone to Liverpool, where we brought-up in the docks. My first impression on landing was surprise at the smallness of many of the houses, and the practice of keeping all the windows shut—so different to everything I had seen for two or three years. Then there was the stage-coach which brought me to London, and which was considered a fast conveyance in those days; but now that they have become things of the past, I often wonder how I contrived to sit for more than thirty consecutive hours on the box of it. It is

surprising what a difference a traveller who has been some years away finds on returning to London. Old acquaintances and old friends are so dispersed, that it is some time before he can feel himself as much at home as when he left it. I found all the world talking of the approaching coronation of George the Fourth; and it happened very fortunately that my old Colonel was in town. By virtue of his rank, he was entitled to have a page to attend him; and on my expressing a wish to be present, he very kindly appointed me to the office. As few now remember that remarkable ceremony, I will state what I myself witnessed of it.

At four in the morning of the 19th of July, 1821, I went to breakfast at the Earl of Blessington's, in St. James's-square, where a large party was assembled. I was dressed, as were all the other pages, in a scarlet-and-gold tunic, with a light blue-and-gold sash, a ruff round my neck, white knee-breeches and silk stockings, with scarlet rosettes at the knee and on my shoes. The Peers of course wore their robes, and such as were in the army, their uniform under them. Amongst the

company at breakfast was Mr. Charles Mathews, and he and I went together to Westminster Hall, numbers of people being there already, although we arrived before six o'clock. The appearance of the Hall was very imposing. On the east and west sides were two rows of galleries—one above the other—for those who had obtained tickets, and they were filling fast. The ladies had ostrich feathers and diamonds in their hair; and the gentlemen, Court dresses or uniform. To the south was the King's throne, which was very splendid; over the entrance, a gallery for the musicians, who were numerous; and from the door in Palace-yard, a covered way extended in a semicircle all around, till it reached the Abbey. The canopy, to be borne over the King by sixteen Barons of the Cinque Ports, was in readiness in Westminster Hall; it was of gold brocade with a deep gold fringe, and the cornice was composed of the four orders of knighthood on a silver ground. Marshals were very busy arranging the procession, and it was about ten o'clock when the King entered. As I was determined to see everything, I made my way

out of the crowd, and, regardless of appearances, climbed up the lamp-post at the door of the Hall in Palace-yard; by this means I had an excellent view of every one who came out. It would be out of my power to describe all those who figured in the procession. The first that made their appearance were Miss Fellowes, the King's herbwoman, and her six assistants—she with a scarlet mantle and her gold badge of office; the others in white dresses. These ladies strewed flowers on the platform as they advanced. I particularly observed that the King, who was dressed in the costume of the Order of the Garter, with all his decorations in diamonds, and was very well got up, particularly his wig, which was quite a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way, turned quite pale as soon as he made his exit from the building. The Queen had been down an hour before, and as the officer on guard refused her admittance, it had created a great sensation outside. He doubtless feared that his subjects would not receive him very favourably; however, the cheers that burst forth seemed to reassure him. I thought the most remarkable-looking personage in

the procession was the Marquis of Londonderry. Once during the march round the spectators hissed him. He stopped, turned towards them, and by his majestic demeanour converted the hisses into loud plaudits. So soon as they had all passed in review before me, I made the best of my way to the Abbey, and by virtue of my office easily obtained admittance. The ceremonies lasted so long that I got tired, and, with a brother page, went back to see what was going on in Westminster Hall. In the rooms belonging to the House of Lords we found dinners spread, and as none of the attendants could tell us for whom they were intended, we very quietly sat down to a table laid for sixty people, and ordered them to serve us. After indulging in all the good things that were brought, we got back in time to see the procession return. The King looked well. He wore a purple velvet dress, and the Royal crown. In his right hand he bore St. Edward's sceptre, and in his left the orb with the cross. As soon as he reached Westminster Hall, he retired to his apartments behind the throne to repose himself,

the spectators within all rising and cheering as he passed.

The dinners were now served to the Peers and the House of Commons. At a little before five the King again entered, and seated himself on the throne under the great canopy, and his appearance was quite dazzling. The crown of State had been exchanged for one of diamonds, and he had on all his numerous decorations set in precious stones. He certainly looked every inch a king. Right and left of him were placed the six members of the Royal family. The doors at the north end of the Hall opened, and the Duke of Wellington, Lord Howard of Effingham, and the Marquis of Anglesea rode in on horseback, followed by pages and marshals, and twenty gentlemen pensioners in curious, old-fashioned dresses, each bearing a gold dish, which they placed on the Royal table. The three peers then backed their horses out again, and Lord Anglesea being a very good horseman, his riding was much remarked. The next ceremony was the challenge. The champion came into the hall from the north door, his arrival being announced by a

flourish of trumpets. He was dressed in armour, his helmet and horse's head decorated with ostrich feathers. The trappings of his charger were splendid, and he had four attendant pages, besides marshals and others. Three times he challenged all the King's enemies, each time throwing down his gauntlet in defiance, the trumpets sounding as before. After he had done so for the last time, the King rose and drank his health in a golden goblet, which he sent to the champion, who retained it as his perquisite of office. Then turning his head towards the spectators, the latter cried with a loud voice, "Long life to his Majesty," which was responded to as became the occasion from the body of the Hall and the galleries. Numerous other formalities, too long to enumerate, were gone through, when George the Fourth, evidently fatigued with the length of the ceremonial, retired. After he was gone, the ladies and others in the seats above, who were half famished from the length of time they had been there, begged us pages to give them of the abundance that was spread before their eyes on the tables below. We told them to tie their handkerchiefs

together, and by this means they hoisted up cold fowls, patés, bottles of champagne, glasses, and everything we could lay our hands on, much to their gratification and our amusement. The crowd was so great on going away, that I did not get home till one o'clock the following morning.

The stairs of the House of Lords were covered with ladies, many of whom were so fatigued that they were stretched out on them, fast asleep. I stood for at least an hour close to the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Esterhazy, who was an object of attraction, as he wore his splendid Hungarian dress, embroidered with fine pearls. In his cap was an aigrette of large diamonds, and his pelisse was slung by a chain of brilliants. The whole of the arrangements were on a magnificent scale, and the feasting was worthy of the occasion. Eight hundred and twenty dozens of various wines, besides one hundred gallons of iced punch, were consumed on the different tables. Nothing so magnificent as this coronation had ever been seen in England, and probably will never be witnessed again. It was the last expiring remnant of feudalism, and

must have cost an immense sum of money to the nation.

The greatest credit was due, and was universally accorded, to that distinguished nobleman, the present Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England, for the excellence of the arrangements. The orders he gave were so well considered, and so faithfully carried out, that no part of the ceremonial failed; everything being conducted with the greatest decorum and regularity.

On the 25th there was a grand reception and levee at Carlton House, which I attended, and was presented on my return from foreign service. It was on this day that the Life Guards wore the cuirass for the first time.

CHAPTER VII.

Leave London for Italy—Calais—The diligence—Slow travelling—The city of frivolity—High price of lodgings—Proceed to Dijon—Toussaint l'Ouverture—Blot in Napoleon's escutcheon—Geneva—Lausanne—Amateur performances of Voltaire's plays—The Fête des Vignerons at Vevey—Ballet—Chorus of Bacchantes—"Sweet Clarens"—The dream of Charles XI.—Effects of preaching—Edmund Ludlow—Canton de Vaud—Remarks on Switzerland and the Swiss.

As every one was leaving London who could do so, after the *fêtes* of the coronation, I was induced to accompany a friend who proposed spending the winter in Italy. The few years that had elapsed since the conclusion of peace had not diminished the number of sight-seers, and there was the usual migration of English, from all parts, to Paris, Rome, and Naples; but as the facilities for travelling were not then great, the passage from Dover to Calais in the steamboats of the period or in a sailing

vessel less certain than now, the continental conveyances slow, and posting expensive, few but persons of fortune undertook such long journeys with their families. Calais was a very different place then, and has improved of late years; it seemed to have remained stationary whilst all the world was progressing; and although there was no monk to solicit alms for his convent, as in the days when Sterne visited it, yet it was in much the same state as when he wrote his "Sentimental Journey." We put up at Dessin's Hotel, then, as it is now, the principal establishment of the kind, and we engaged our places in the interior of the diligence, which was a cumbrous vehicle, of unwieldy proportions, suspended on two leathern straps that acted as springs. Behind it was a basket as big as the coach itself, which rested on the two hinder wheels; and in it the passengers' luggage was stowed away, as well as a considerable quantity of all sorts of merchandize. The wheels were as broad as those of a London waggon, and a seat in front contained the *conducteur* and two passengers. The postilion rode the near wheeler, and drove the five

horses—three abreast in front, harnessed with ropes that often broke—and over whom he appeared to have but little control. They jogged along in a very independent manner; and whenever we stopped, they began to kick, rear, and bellow like wild beasts. The *garçons d'ecurie* abused and belaboured them with thick sticks, to make them start again, and once off, by some means or other we travelled at an average rate of six miles an hour. This was considered pretty good going in those days, but when we approached Paris the pace mended, and we made an additional mile in the hour. As long as we kept the middle of the road, the coach followed well; but whenever we met a train of carts—as we frequently did—with long axles projecting from the wheels, we slid sideways from the pavement into the heavy mud of the road alongside, and the driver had much to do, cracking his whip and hallooing at his horses, to get us on to it again.

The postilion was quite a character in his way. He wore a short blue jacket, with red facings and silver lace; his hair powdered, combed back, and

tied in a knot, like a thick shaving-brush. The boots were formed of iron and leather, so strongly put together that if by accident the horse he rode fell, he had nothing to do but pull his leg out, and leave the boot under the animal. There was some sense in this; but in appearance they were preposterously large. Lighter vehicles and quicker travelling have caused a change in this costume of late years; and the French postilion has lost much of his peculiar characteristics and appearance.

I think a French high road most fatiguing to travel along. Owing, probably, to the frequent wars in which France has been engaged, it would seem that the peasantry avoid the neighbourhood of the principal routes, and build their cottages and villages far away, or in retired spots where they are not seen; so that what with the long and continuous lines of tall poplars that border the roads, and the absence of houses, the country has a monotonous appearance generally, which is anything but picturesque or pleasing. At every station we saw crowds of beggars, of the most

forbidding aspect, who importuned us for charity, much as their brethren do in Ireland. However, we reached Paris in due time, and I found it but little changed from the Paris I had known four years before. There were still the same lanterns hanging at wide intervals in all the thoroughfares, shedding a dim light around, but of little use to those on foot, who had to enfilade their way amidst the carriages, through streets which had no foot-pavement. Lodgings were to be had without difficulty; but a great change was taking place in the location of genteel Parisian families. More people came to reside at and around the Rue de la Paix, and the improved parts of the city. As London has seen the aristocracy desert Lincoln's-inn-fields, Soho and Golden-squares, so also has Paris witnessed the migration of the *nouveaux riches* from the Faubourg Poissonnière and remoter localities, to the more agreeable quarter of the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Place Vendôme. This influx of wealthier classes had caused a rise in the value of houses, and people complained then, as they do now, of the expense of lodgings. An old French

lady, long resident in Paris, gave the following account of the results of this change, as it affected her individual comforts and interests; but her case was probably very similar to that of others who had fixed incomes.

"When I came to Paris, years ago, and took up my abode in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, it was not one of the most fashionable quarters of the capital. I occupied an apartment on the first floor, and it was sufficiently genteel to receive good company. The times are sadly changed! Not that I am become poorer, as the world imagines; I have the same income I had before; but I am fully forty years older, and from floor to floor I have ascended from the *premier* to the *quatrième*. The history of my removals would be curious to relate, but I spare you the infliction of hearing a long detail of them. Suffice it to say, I mounted one story in 1779, when the rage for building in this quarter seized all the capitalists and the *cordons bleus* of the Receivers-General. I went up to the third story in 1781, when all the actresses and courtesans of note rushed to that neighbourhood in search of

dwellings. I removed to the fourth story in 1799, when it became the fashion to walk and lounge on the Boulevard des Italiens, which gave it the name of the Boulevard de Coblentz. This brought into the neighbourhood all the female celebrities of the day, who had risen from nothing, and the nobodies who had acquired wealth in the purlieus of the Palais Royal. I know not where this will stop; but I have but one story more to mount before I reach the roof,—and what will appear the most singular is, that I pay more for my lodging on the fourth flat than I did for that on the first floor forty years ago."

The old lady has departed this life, and it is to be hoped that her last change was to *monter au ciel*. Our object being to reach Italy before the winter set in, we did not make a long stay in the French capital, but again went by diligence to Dijon. It so happened that there were many passengers, and one of us had to take a seat in the rotonde. The lot fell to me, and I found on entering it, in the court-yard of the Messageries Royales, that I had no less than five Burgundian nurses, with as many

babies, from the Hospital of the Enfants Trouvés, who were to be my travelling companions. These little specimens of humanity favoured me with a chorus of shrill voices, or an occasional solo, from the time we started; and, moreover, I was initiated in all the mysteries of their toilette. I remember one portion of it which was quite new to me. They were one and all bandaged up in long cloths, tightly wrapped round their bodies, which made them as stiff as dolls, and enabled them to sit on the women's laps as upright as elderly persons. If they had been provided with a loop to their bandages, they might very well have been hung up by hooks to the roof of the carriage. As to the nurses, they were healthy-looking women of their class, and chattered like magpies, rendering sleep out of the question. Happy was I when we entered the yard of the Hotel du Parc at Dijon, and I quitted my place of confinement.

Dijon has lost much of its importance, and, with the exception of a few factories, has nothing but some historical monuments to attract the curiosity of a traveller. Here, however, the amateur of

Burgundian wine will find it in perfection, although I would not recommend a free use of it, as there is none more heating if drunk to excess. The French are well aware of this, and never take more than a glass or two of it at dinner, as a *bonne bouche*. We passed our time agreeably enough in visiting everything worth seeing, and then proceeded on our way, by Besançon, to Geneva. On the road we passed the Fort of Joux, in which the famous Toussaint l'Ouverture ended his unfortunate career. His, indeed, was a strange destiny. The descendant of kings, if the genealogy compiled with his sanction be correct, he gradually rose from the position of a coachman in his owner's establishment, to be a Negro superintendent; then Médecin des Armées du Roi, as the revolted negroes called their levies; afterwards aide-de-camp of Jean Français; and at last General-in-Chief of large armies, and the hero of many victories. Invited to a conference by General Brunet, he was treacherously seized and sent off from St. Domingo to France, where, to the disgrace of Napoleon, he was first immured in the Temple, with his faithful com-

panion, Mars Plaisir, and then in the dreary Fort of Joux, where he died, after ten months' severe confinement, in 1803, leaving behind him a great name, both as an able chieftain and successful politician. In contemplating the walls of the stronghold in which he passed his latter days, I could not help moralizing on the instability of human greatness, and pitying the man who, shut up in a gloomy cell in these Alpine solitudes, must often have looked back to the bright and sunny lands of his youth and the scenes of his prowess. In Toussaint we have a speaking proof of the capabilities of the Negro when educated.

The Hotel de l'Ecu at Geneva was filled with tourists of various nations, and we had some difficulty in getting accommodation there. The waiters were, as usual, all Germans, sent from home to learn French and English at the expense of the patience and forbearance of the visitors; and I was not a little amused at breakfast, knowing that they always substitute a "p" for a "b," and a "b" for a "p," by purposely asking for some bread made with yeast, and not fermented

with the sour wine of the country. The *garçon* replied as I expected he would—"Pien, Monsieur, je vais vous abborter un Bain de Pièrres,"—nor could he at all understand my hilarity when he told me so. In speaking of what there was for dinner, he would say, instead of Jullienne soup and roast fowl, "Monsieur beut avoir une Chilienne et un boulet roti." I heard an instance of one of the fraternity, who had acquired a smattering of English, asking an Englishwoman, at a *table d'hôte*, if she liked the Brie cheese (*fromage de Brie*), which he pronounced "breeches;" and she was greatly shocked and scandalized, considering it a very impertinent question to put to a lady. Who and what are all these German waiters? They find their way into the hotels of every country one visits. They are to be met with in Paris, in Rome, Switzerland, and New York, and they even bring in the whitebait dinner at Greenwich. The seedy-looking old English waiter, with his square-toed shoes and large bows, is gradually disappearing before this irruption of Saxons. The fortifications surrounding Geneva were all standing,

and there were many forms to be gone through on entered the gates, which annoyed travellers, and put a little money into the pockets of the republican red-tapists; but the citizens have grown wiser since, and they have destroyed the walls, which were useless for defensive purposes. The ground on which they stood is now coverted into an agreeable promenade. Like all sight-seers, we did not fail to visit the Château of Ferney Voltaire, where the gardener sold us, as he does to all strangers, a nightcap belonging to the philosopher whose residence there gave it a world-wide renown. What with the old gentleman's sticks and caps, he must have carried on a profitable trade since the peace of 1815. When Voltaire resided at Ferney, he occasionally visited Lausanne, to see the plays he wrote acted by amateurs, previous to sending them to the Parisian theatres; and in a château belonging to M. Constant d'Hermenches is a large room panelled with oak, on which scenes from his most celebrated pieces are depicted.

These occasional performances gave a theatrical turn to the society of Lausanne, which has come

down to the present day, and I know of no place of its size in Europe where there are so many talented amateur performers. I have been present at many plays acted there, and in one, *Les Anglaises pour rire*, I never laughed more in my life than to see the part of the niece performed by an officer of the Cent Suisses, who was of gigantic stature, and did it to perfection. At Vevey, we put up at the Hotel des Trois Couronnes, kept by M. Mounet père, who was cook to Lord Howe on the memorable 1st of June. His son has since established one of the finest and best hotels on the Continent, in this charming little town. There may be had the delicious *foie de Lotte*, a dish unknown elsewhere, as I believe the fish is not to be met with out of the Lake of Geneva, although I have heard of one resembling it in Lancashire. They gave us a fish, too, called ferraz, which only appears at certain seasons, and is a sort of fresh-water herring. They come in great shoals, and disappear as suddenly as they show themselves; probably going into deep water during the colder months of the year. Whilst here, I happened to meet with an old Swiss

chronicle, referring to some tragic scenes enacted at the Château de Chillon, which I have not seen noticed elsewhere. It seems that when the plague overran Europe, at the end of the 16th century, the people imagined that the wells had been poisoned, and the Jews were accused of being the perpetrators of the crime. Orders came from the Grand Inquisitor in Spain to the clergy of the neighbouring monasteries in Savoy, to collect and destroy as many of them as they could; and, on some pretext or other, all those who resided in Villeneuve or the neighbourhood were brought together in the castle, and there put to death. I read this in an old work which was rarely to be met with, the "Conservateur Suisse." Recently, however, I believe it has been or is being reprinted, and it contains many valuable national records which would otherwise be lost or unknown. I write, however, from memory, and cannot give the details as correctly as I could have wished. Like most of the old feudal castles, many scenes have passed within its walls which are now forgotten, and a well-written history of those which only exist in the present day as

dreary ruins, would be both instructive and entertaining.

In the work I have alluded to many such records may be met with, and they are always well authenticated.

In former times, an agricultural *fête*, unique in its way, was celebrated every four years in Vevey. It is called "L'Abbaye des Vignerons." Its origin is as remote as it is obscure. More would probably be known of it, if a fire had not destroyed the archives of the brotherhood in 1688. Tradition, however, attributes the honour of its foundation to the monks of Hauterive, or those of Hautcrêt, who, having planted vineyards in the neighbourhood of Vevey, celebrated the happy success of their first vintage by feasting, songs, and dances. Noah and Bacchus were both represented on these occasions; and the ignorance of the founders, or the spirit of the age, permitted and kept up this mixture of the sacred and profane. Soon after, the labourers in the plains imitating the vine-dressers of the hills, wished to have their festival also. The plough and the wine-press are too much

dependent one on the other to be separated, so that eventually the two *fêtes* became one, and were celebrated on the same day. The Reformation, far from destroying, wisely respected it; the agricultural labourer having too many hard-working days to be deprived of a few hours' relaxation and amusement. In the course of time the festival lost much of its original simplicity, and by degrees it became one at which all the finery and all the taste of the performers were displayed. Owing to the great numbers who now figure in it, and consequent expense, it only takes place every twenty years, instead of four as formerly. I was present at one, and will endeavour to give a description of it. Seats for 15,000 people were arranged, in form of a horse-shoe, round the Place du Marché, and crowds of visitors from all parts came to witness it. There must have been about 1200 performers in the dances, the songs, and the characters. Two Vignerons, crowned with laurel, who had gained the first prizes for the good cultivation and produce of their vineyards, led the van, followed by the Abbé himself, chief of the society. A beauti-

ful boy, seated on a wine cask, represented Bacchus, and advanced at the head of a joyous troop of Fauns and Bacchantes, playing on the tambourine. Then came Satyrs leading an ox with golden horns, covered with garlands and ribbons. An altar, an incense holder, and a classical tripod, were carried before the Grand Priestess; and Silenus, crowned and festooned with vine leaves, rolled about on a donkey, with crowds of children carrying on spears all the attributes of agriculture. I must not omit Noah's ark, in which appeared the patriarch and his children sitting under a vine, and having with them a press from which flowed the newly-made wine. The grape of Canaan was carried by two robust peasants. There was Vulcan too, with his Cyclops, forging in cadence spades and ploughshares, on a massive anvil. In the midst of the harvest labourers, who closed the procession, appeared a very pretty girl seated on a throne, surrounded by poppies and ears of corn, holding a reaping-hook in one hand and a spear in the other. It was Cérès, the inseparable companion of Bacchus, who followed the deity she

ought naturally to have preceded. All the bands of Switzerland were present, and each troop of performers either sang as they passed by, or executed dances suitable to the parts they filled. The principal characters were tastefully, and the respective troops handsomely dressed, the gentry lending their jewels to increase the splendour of the spectacle. It was a *ballet*, and a very beautiful one too, on a gigantic scale, and, coupled with the grandeur of the natural scenery, far surpassed anything of the sort in Europe. The chorus of the Bacchantes ran thus:—

"Each has his temperament—
Drinking is our amusement."

The chorus of the Reapers was rather more classical:—

"Without Cérès and without Bacchus,
There can be no altar to Venus."

A repast was laid out for those who figured in the procession, in the promenade by the shore of the lake, and a grand ball was given by the inhabitants to the visitors in the Salle de l'Arc.

I was told a story of some Englishman who came to Vevey on purpose to be present at the *fête*. He arrived late, and tired; but as there were no beds to be had, he remained in his carriage during the night, and fell fast asleep. The ostlers, not knowing he was in it, pushed the calèche into the coach-house, and he never awoke until all was over. It is always an Englishman to whom foreigners attribute similar mishaps.

Lausanne, about an hour and a half from Vevey, is generally visited by distinguished foreigners who are making the tour of Switzerland; and amongst other remarkable personages whom I met there, was the Prince of Wasa, son of Gustavus IV., who abdicated the throne of Sweden in 1809. He had commanded the regiment in which the young Duke of Reichstadt served, and from that, and being the sole representative of a long line of kings, he created a good deal of interest. It so happened that I had read in an English annual some account of the vision of his ancestor, Charles the Eleventh; and being desirous of ascertaining how far it was authentic, I one day asked him the

question. He told me that he had the original document in his archives at Vienna. As it is now nearly forgotten, it may not be amiss to give a general outline of it. "On the night of the 16th of December, 1696, the King, who was suffering from a melancholy to which he was subject, had thrown himself on his bed, when, a short time before midnight, he happened to turn round, and through the window of the room in which he was lying, he perceived a strong light shining in the opposite wing of the palace, where the States General held their sittings. The Chancellor Bjelke was with him, and on the King drawing his attention to it, he answered, 'Oh, no, your Majesty; it is only the light of the moon shining on the window.' Satisfied with the reply, he again turned to sleep; but still the idea that there was fire or lights in the palace, which he could not account for, pursued him, and raising himself up, he again looked in the same direction, when he made the same remark, the Chancellor still asserting that it was nothing more than the effect of the moonbeams. At that moment a Privy Councillor of the same

name, Bjelke, entered to inquire after the King's state, when Charles the Eleventh repeated the question to him, and received a similar answer. Determined to satisfy his doubts, however, the King got out of bed, put on his dressing-gown, and, opening the window, saw not only numerous lights, but people moving about in the hall. He immediately ordered the officer on guard to be called, and to bring with him the keys of a secret passage that led to the other wing of the building. In the mean time, the Privy Councillor Oxenstiern had arrived, and the whole five proceeded to visit the hall where the lights were burning. The account states that the officer and the ministers were too much alarmed to venture to open the door; the King, therefore, seizing the keys, applied them to the lock, and on entering the passage, found it entirely covered with black. They all trembled so much, that when they reached the door of the State chamber, the officer begged his Majesty would excuse his not opening it; and the King, overcoming his own fears, himself did so, when they saw sixteen men of noble appearance,

all seated at a long table, each with a large book before him. There was also a young King amongst them, apparently of seventeen years of age, wearing a crown, and holding a sceptre in his hand. On his right was a man of about forty years of age, and on his left another of seventy. There were several executioners also, all with their shirt-sleeves tucked up, who chopped off the heads of prisoners until the blood streamed on the floor. These, by their dress, appeared to be young noblemen. The King was greatly terrified, and looked at his slippers to see if the blood had touched them, but it had not. Turning his eyes away from the distressing scene before him, the King perceived in a corner a throne partially overturned, and standing near to it a man who seemed to be the ruler of the State. The King, greatly agitated, cried aloud, 'What is the voice of the Lord that I am to hear? Oh, God, when shall this come to pass?' Twice he repeated this without receiving any reply, but each time the young monarch shook his head, and the other men at the table struck the books with their hands. On the third time of his doing

so, the youthful King answered him thus:—'Not in thy time shall this come to pass, but in the time of the sixth Sovereign after thee. And he shall be of the same age and form that thou seest in me; and he who stands here shows what will be the appearance of his guardian. The throne will be on the point of falling in the last years of his regency, by means of certain young noblemen. But the guardian, who during his regency persecuted the young King, will then take up his cause, and they will establish his throne more firmly; so that never before shall there have been so great a King in Sweden, nor shall any like him ever come after him. And the Swedish people shall be happy in his days; and he shall live to a great age; he shall leave his kingdom free from debt, and several millions in the treasury. But before he can sit safely on the throne, there must be a great slaughter, so that the like thereof has never been seen, and never shall be. Be it thy part, King of Sweden, to leave him thy good counsel.' On this the vision disappeared, and Charles, with his attendants, on returning by the way they had come,

found the rooms and passage through which they passed in their usual state, the black draperies having vanished. The circumstances of this extraordinary scene were immediately committed to paper, and the document was signed by the King and the four other witnesses of it, in these solemn words—'All this is true; this I vouch with my bodily oath, so help me God.'" Now, since the time of Charles the Eleventh there have been five Sovereigns—viz., Charles the Twelfth, Frederic the First, Adolphus Frederic, Gustavus the Third, and Gustavus the Fourth. The Prince of Wasa would be the sixth, had his father not abdicated; and the vision was but a baseless fabric, after all. It has been generally supposed that the original document was deposited in the archives at Stockholm; but as the Prince has it, his father probably took it with him when he left Sweden. I can find nothing in the history of that country, from the time of Charles the Eleventh to the present, that bears out the prophecy in any one particular. But that King himself was a child on the death of his father, the warlike Charles Gustavus. His

guardians were his grandmother, aided by a Council; and in order to retain the power in their hands, they entirely neglected his education,—so much so, that when he succeeded to the throne he could scarcely write his name. He had been taught fencing, riding, wrestling, and other athletic exercises, but his intellect was uncultivated. Thrown probably amongst the different classes of society by the peculiar direction given to his education, he acquired a knowledge of the Swedish character which served him greatly afterwards. Extreme was the surprise of his guardians when he resolutely threw off the yoke and asserted his rights. Determined to redeem the time lost in his early youth, he applied himself diligently to study, and acquired knowledge. To him the Swedes are indebted for many good institutions, and the results of his wise administration are felt to this day. The Prince of Wasa holds high rank in the Austrian service, and there seems not the remotest chance of either he or his descendants ever filling the throne occupied by his ancestors.

I must not omit mentioning a visit I paid to the

Lausanne public hospital, in company with the celebrated surgeon, Mayor, who was so kind as to show me over the wards. He wished to exhibit a method he had of applying cold water to wounds, which he requested me to mention to the medical men of the English army whenever I had an opportunity, as he thought it might be very useful in campaigning. A bucket was suspended from the ceiling, in the centre of the room. In this holes were bored with a gimlet, and strings were passed through them, the ends of which were placed on the wounds of the patients. It did not signify how many there were, because, when the bucket was filled with water, it trickled down them in whatever direction they were placed. The only trouble attending the process was to keep up the supply of water. I spoke to the sufferers to ascertain the effect of it, and they one and all said that it spared them much pain, for it entirely kept down inflammation. The usual method of applying wet bandages entails a good deal of trouble, and, as far as an unscientific person could judge, I thought his plan a very good one. Mesmerism had numerous

advocates, even then, in Switzerland, and I saw many instances of persons experimented on falling into deep sleep and unconsciousness. There is an old story of a certain Madame du Hallier, in the seventeenth century, which proves that the same effect may be produced in a very different manner, although in her case it proved equally efficacious. She had been very ill, and was in a state of convalescence, but her recovery was retarded by the want of sleep. One day, a Jesuit, rather a humorous personage, who went by the name of Geoffroy, called to inquire after her health; and when she had explained to him how much she suffered from want of rest, he said, laughing—"Madame, I have remarked that whenever I preach, you invariably slumber from the time that I give out the text until after the blessing: will you let me try if my oratorical powers have still the same virtue?" He began in the usual manner—"*In nomine Domini,*" &c., and preached a sermon. The effect was instantaneous: she fell into a refreshing sleep, and never afterwards suffered from the want of it.

In the old church overlooking the town of

Vevey is to be seen the monument of the Parliamentary officer, Ludlow, who ended his days in a house, still shown, close to the Lake of Geneva. The inscription on it is in Latin, and his widow, who caused it to be erected to his memory, has given him a title, "Conqueror of Ireland," which he is not justly entitled to, although he played an important part in that country. It runs thus:—

"Here lieth Edmund Ludlow, by birth an Englishman, of the county of Wiltshire, son of Sir Henry Ludlow, Member of Parliament, of which House he also was a member. Of illustrious and noble descent, he was nobler by his own virtues; in his religion a Protestant, in piety a shining light. At the age of twenty-three he commanded a regiment, and not long after became a Major-General. Conqueror of Ireland, intrepid in action, and careless of his life, in victory clement and merciful; he was the defender of the liberties of his country, and the unflinching foe of arbitrary power; in which cause, though worthy of a better fortune, he betook himself into an exile of thirty-two years' standing in Switzerland; and dying there

in the seventy-third year of his age, he left his friends longing for him, and flew joyful to his eternal abode.

"This monument, in perpetual testimony of true and sincere conjugal affection, was erected to his memory by Elizabeth Thomas, his courageous, sorrowing, and beloved consort, who shared his joys and his sorrows—who, in the greatness of her spirit, and the force of her wifely love, was the constant companion of his exile to the day of his death, in the year of our Lord 1693."

The widow, in addition to the unmerited honour she confers on her defunct husband, seems to have entertained no mean opinion of her own virtues; and the only explanation the reader can give of it is, that the epitaph being in Latin was probably written by some one who was anxious to record his individual estimate of her worth at the expense of her reputation for good sense, forgetting the old adage, "on their own merits modest men are dumb."

The Bay of Clarens and the neighbouring little village of Montreux are favoured with so mild and genial a climate, in consequence of the high rocks

which rise behind, and entirely shelter them from the cold north winds, that I am surprised the latter is not more frequently resorted to by persons in delicate health during the cold months of the year. Good lodgings are to be had in the village, and there is at all times an abundant supply of vegetables, fruit, and meat, at reasonable prices. The cherries are particularly fine that are grown there, and the peasants dry them in the sun for winter use. The *vin d'Yvorne*, too, which is made between Montreux and Bex, is the best in Switzerland, and is easily procured either at the former place or in Vevey, at an easy distance.

The grapes in this part of the canton are highly esteemed, and every year many invalids from Germany and elsewhere resort to Vevey, to make what is called *la cure des raisins*, which, to be effectual, must be persevered in for three weeks or a month. Grapes are eaten early in the morning, then at breakfast with dry bread and chocolate, and during the course of the day *ad libitum*. It is surprising how people improve under this *régime*, and they become fat and healthy-looking, much in the same

way that Negroes prosper during crop time, when they drink quantities of the newly-pressed juice of the cane. Previous to the vintage, "experts" are sent round to examine the quality and quantity of the crop, and on their report the price of the wine of that year is fixed by the municipality of the town. This is done because the proprietors remunerate their vignerons, who cultivate the vine, by paying them in cash the value of half of the produce; and the price being fixed beforehand for all alike, it prevents any disputes or difficulties in the settlement of accounts. When the vintage is over, the vignerons and farm servants assemble at the house of the landlord to pick walnuts, and the night is passed in shelling them for pressure. The oil they give out is excellent, and is used for table purposes when cold-drawn. The refuse is boiled, and as it floats on the surface of the water it is skimmed off, and employed in various ways. The walnut harvest is always a joyous time with those employed, and they amuse themselves singing their national songs during the whole night. During the time that the Canton de Vaud was under the

dominion of Berne, there was a flotilla of armed galleys in the service of the republic, and they were moored off the Castle of Chillon. The last Admiral of the Lake was M. de Mellet, of an ancient and noble race established for many centuries at La Tour and Vevey, to which they had come from the Duchy of Savoy, like many others of the *ancienne noblesse*. His family still possess some records of his services; and when the Count Orloff destroyed the Turkish fleet in the Black Sea, he sent him a valuable sword, the hilt set with diamonds, taken from one of the Captains of the captured frigates. Switzerland has done away with all titular distinctions, and many of the archives of the old families were destroyed in the first revolution; but they retain their armorial bearings, although they do not publicly exhibit them. In some of the mountain districts are peasants who descend from the former lords of the soil; and I remember an instance of a girl, *femme de chambre* to my own wife, who was a Countess by birth, and whose linen was marked with her initials, surmounted by a coronet. No one contested her

right to it, because her family, although fallen from their high estate, was known to be of patrician origin.

Perhaps in no country of Europe are there so many ancient families as in Switzerland. The descendant of de Halwyll, who commanded the Swiss at the memorable battle of Morat, when Charles of Burgundy was so signally defeated, still resides in Berne. The de Cerjats, de Borstetten, de Blonay, de Gumöens, and numerous others, date from the most remote periods, and have all been distinguished in the history of their country. The château belonging to the de Blonays is a fine specimen of the old feudal castle, and being within an hour's drive in the mountains above Vevey, is well worthy of a visit. The view from the windows is very fine, as it overlooks the Lake of Geneva, the Alps, and Jura mountains; whilst to the left may be seen the entrance to the Vallais, and in the foreground the peaks of the Dent de Jamin. Not far from it are some baths, little frequented by foreigners, but resorted to by the inhabitants of Vevey in the hot months, on account

of the purity of the air and the sanative properties of the water.

The principal offices under the Republican Government of the canton were once filled in a great measure by the aristocracy I allude to. There was an innate feeling of respect towards them which was disregarded as Switzerland felt the *contre-coup* of the democratic changes in France, and they were gradually displaced by what I may call the middle classes. After 1830, however, even these were obliged to give way to the more levelling feeling of the masses, and names unknown before became the organs of public opinion, and succeeded in revolutionizing the Government. It was ludicrous to witness the excited feelings of the lower orders, urged on by strangers and emissaries from the Parisian democrats. A highly respected old gentleman, whom I had the pleasure of knowing in Vevey, where he had long held the office of Justice of the Peace, was pursued by the mob, shouting, "Down with our Polignac," referring to the Prince de Polignac, First Minister of Charles X., who had been recently deposed. The

members of the Grand Conseil at Lausanne were turned out of doors, some of them ill-treated, and there the cry was, "Down with the tyrants!" Now, I never could ascertain what the Government had done to cause this sudden revulsion of feeling. Every adult had a vote, and everybody was eligible. It was merely a rush for public employments, and the occupants were all changed when a new constitution was voted. The public officers, however, were so badly paid, that it was hardly worth while for any one in easy circumstances to accept a Government appointment. The Juge de Paix, though first magistrate of his district, had at the outside £50 a-year, and found his office, his paper, and everything necessary for conducting the public business, out of his salary. The supreme head of the Cantonal Government received less than a Captain of Infantry in our service; and it was not in other respects a desirable appointment.

I have no doubt the mineral riches of Switzerland are yet to be developed. At Wissemburg, under the Stockhorn, is a bathing establishment, which is approached by a winding mountain-path

too narrow to admit of a carriage; and I myself saw there a thick seam of coal projecting from the rock in which it is imbedded. Although every visitor to the locality must have observed it, I do not believe it has ever been worked; and yet the consumption of wood is great, now that steamboats ply upon the lakes. Manufactories, too, are spreading; and I should think that, at Aran and elsewhere, it would pay well to obtain a supply of fuel nearer home. The destruction of forests in the high mountains, for burning, is attended in many instances by serious results, as in the case of heavy rains, there being nothing to stop the rush of the waters descending from great heights, and then the floods become more than usually dangerous. The trees serve also to break the force, or to arrest the fall of detached rocks, which might otherwise destroy life in the valleys below. Wood grows slowly in the high mountains, and there are "Forestiers," or Inspectors of Forests, in the Government employ, who are charged with the supervision and conservation of them. I have been told that gold is found in some of the rivulets

that flow from the glaciers, but probably not in sufficient quantity to make it worth the trouble of seeking. In a country, however, like Switzerland, where there is so little to occupy the population at home beyond the cultivation of the soil, any discovery of minerals would be a vast gain to the inhabitants; and it is surprising they have not turned their attention to the subject.

The Swiss, having no public employments either sufficiently important or remunerative to make them objects worthy of attainment, and there being no profession in which young men of good family can hope to acquire a competency, they are obliged to expatriate themselves, and seek their fortunes in other countries. Some follow mercantile pursuits, and are numerous in Paris; others, again, go to North and South America, where many Swiss commercial houses exist; and in the former is a Swiss colony, called New Vevey, where the vine is extensively cultivated. The greater number, however, enter the Neapolitan service, and form the only force on which the King can entirely rely. The discipline of these troops is

severe, and the regiments generally are very fine—resembling our Guards in dress and appearance. Some of the superior officers, who organized them, had served in the Peninsular war, in the foreign corps—such as the de Watteville and de Meuron regiments—in our pay. They introduced all they considered worth engrafting from our rules and regulations, and retained whatever was good in their own. They have a system by which all officers, on payment of an annual sum, receive a certain amount of uniform clothing, and have an allowance made to them when on leave of absence. It would be worth while getting the particulars of these arrangements, by which the moderate pay of officers is made to go much further than it otherwise would. I heard from one of them, a friend of mine, that one of their great difficulties was to prevent the men drinking to excess, wine being so cheap in the kingdom of Naples, that on a march the peasants would often give them an abundance of it, expecting nothing in return. They had tried severity, and they even endeavoured to make the drunkards appear ridiculous, by causing

them to drink as much salt and water on parade as they had taken of wine the previous day; but neither that nor any other system had succeeded, and in his opinion it was impossible to prevent the soldiery indulging in the juice of the grape where it was so cheap as in the Neapolitan provinces.

Whilst we were here, some chasseurs going out before daylight to shoot chamois, saw, to their great surprise, a huge bear in an orchard near Bex. He had come down from the mountains, killed several sheep, whose carcases were partly eaten, and to finish his repast in due form, he was regaling himself with fruit. The animal was so perfectly satisfied with his unusual feasting, that he felt little disposed to quarrel with either man or beast, and took no notice of the hunters, one of whom sent a bullet through his head, which ended his career at once. He was brought into Vevey in triumph; his paws were used to make soup, and his hinder quarters salted and converted into hams. To try the virtues of bears' grease, I bought some of his fat; but all the ingenuity of the hairdresser could not get rid of the strong smell of wild

beast, so that I had no opportunity of testing its merits as a promoter of the growth of hair. We started for Milan in a vetturino's carriage, which gave us ample time to see the country; but we travelled at such a snail's pace, that it was a great trial of our patience. These conveyances will probably soon be spoken of as things of the past.

The Rhone falls into the Lake of Géneva near to Villeneuve, and the wood cut in the neighbouring mountains for the supply of steamboats is floated down the stream. It is there that the large trout are caught which are so much esteemed. In the little village itself there once lived a *bourgeois* of the name of Rivas, and his wife, who had been married seventy-two years; the latter eventually surviving her husband a few months. Seeing that he was gradually declining from extreme old age, she one day asked him in the *patois* of the country, and in the most simple and touching manner—"Eh, mon pauvre Jean, veux tu déjà me quitter?" It might be said of them as La Fontaine does of Philemon and Baucis—

"Tout vieillit; sur leurs fronts les rides s'étendaient,
L'amitié modéra leurs feux, sans les détruire,
Et par des traits d'amour, sut encore se produire."

At Bex there are salt mines, which produce a considerable revenue to the Vaudois Government, which until recently were in charge of Lieutenant de Roveréa, on half-pay of the British navy, and a near relative of Sir Lowry Cole's aide-de-camp, who was killed at the battle of Roncesvalles, in Spain. He accompanied me in a visit I paid to the works; but I did not think they repaid the trouble of putting on a miner's dress, and threading the narrow subterraneous passages which lead to the spot whence the salt is extracted.

CHAPTER VIII.

Excursion from Bex to Sion—Hairbreadth escapes of Chamois hunters—Les Diablerets—A shepherd lost and found—The Canton du Valais—"Ranz des Vaches"—Swiss melodists.

MOUNT ANZEINDAZ is about six leagues from Bex; there are two roads by which it may be reached. The least difficult, but the longest, is to follow the course of the Avençon, passing the village of Frenières, and traversing the valley Des Plans, in which are numerous châlets; the other, and that which I am about to describe, leads to Anzeindaz by the village of Gryon. This little place is interesting, from the pastoral life that half its inhabitants lead in the summer months on the mountain of Taveyennaz, and it is situated on a rising ground between the Avençon and the Gryonne. The air, too, in this locality, is noted for being remarkably pure; and the valley below Gryon presents some of

the finest effects, from the passage of clouds across it, that can possibly be imagined. Sometimes a breeze will spread the vapours over the country like a veil, which prevents the possibility of seeing its outline; and then, again, another will carry them away as quickly as if a curtain were suddenly withdrawn, displaying innumerable beauties, which an instant before seemed not to exist. This may happen eight or ten times in an hour, and has something fantastic and supernatural in it. From Gryon, the road winds to the foot of Anzeindaz through a long plain, divided into small domains, each containing one or two barns to store the forage, which is called mazot in the language of the country. Leaving this plain, the road passes through a vast number of rocks that have fallen from the neighbouring heights. These are covered with moss and verdure, and occasionally a few trees appear upon them. Gradually ascending, the fine vegetation of the lower grounds gives place to the bare and abrupt surface of barren mountains. The plains of Anzeindaz are now reached, and the three peaks of the Diablerets appear, girt with

scarfs of mist, which the wind disperses and forms into strange shapes. It is not surprising that Ossian and the Caledonian bards should have imagined aërial phantoms to wander about the mountains; since here in the Alps, as in the cold North, light mists ascending from the lower valleys, glide along the high peaks, surround, and then disappear behind them, slowly and majestically rising again in every fanciful form. The pasturages of Anzeindaz are crowned by the rocks of Argentine, and by the frightful chain of the Diablerets, of which I shall have to speak hereafter. It is to those pasturages that the shepherds of Bex and Ollon come in the fine season with their herds. Completely isolated from the rest of the world, their time is passed in milking their cows morning and evening, making cheese, cleansing the dairy utensils, and cutting the wood they require for domestic purposes. Notwithstanding this, they have time for reading, for conversation, and for observing many natural phenomena of which they are frequent witnesses in these elevated regions. The first appearance of snow gives them notice

that it is time to retreat to the lower grounds, and they do so without ever having experienced a moment of *ennui* in their Alpine solitude. The higher the pasturage, the better the cheeses, if well made, owing to the superior feeding of the cows in the lofty mountains, where aromatic plants abound. Every year, at the "Michautein"—that is to say, the first or second Sunday of August—numbers of the youth of both sexes assemble from considerable distances and various parts on Anzeindaz. It is a day devoted to pleasure and rejoicing. They sing in chorus, dance on the elastic turf, and eat with appetite the frugal repast they bring with them. The happy groups do not retire to their homes, some of them six or seven leagues distant, until the last rays of the sun gild the summits of the neighbouring glacier. How much more real happiness there is in these mountain sports, where a free and joyous people amuse themselves amongst the sublimest works of nature, than in the more staid and ceremonious *fêtes* of great cities, where *ennui* often pierces the mask under which it is concealed!

Near to the few châlets of Anzeindaz is the

source of the Avençon, which is curious in this respect, that it, as well as the ground in the immediate neighbourhood, is full of petrified sea-shells; and the elevation being very great, they attest the length of time that the waters of the Deluge must have remained on the highest mountains. To see the natural inhabitants of this wild region, it is necessary to leave the beaten tracks of shepherds and their flocks, and approach as near as possible to the beds of snow which stand forth as the advanced guards of the glaciers, since, perhaps, it is only in one out of ten summers that they are ever melted. Occasionally a few chamois may be here perceived, feeding on green spots in the midst of rocks and precipices which appear inaccessible. Sometimes a species of ermine may be seen running from rock to rock; and, at some distance, its long body and short legs give it the appearance of a snake. The lark is smaller, and sings less than that of the plains. The ortolan frequents these spots in the summer months, and the Apollo flits about, king of the Alpine butterflies. From one of the higher grounds of Anzeindaz is shown a small

glacier, famous in the country on this account: A young student was there shooting, with some of his friends; and seeing a herd of chamois, he separated himself from them to get a better opportunity of killing one. At the moment he was about to fire, the snow gave way under him, and he fell to an immense depth, between two walls of ice. Half-drowned in the mass of snow and water which received him, he saw his desperate position, without, however, losing his self-possession; and he succeeded in climbing up one of the crevices of his icy prison, by means of his knees and back, much in the same way that chimney-sweepers get up a chimney. Just, however, as he was on the point of attaining the summit of the abyss, a large block of ice on which he rested gave way, and, covered with wounds and bruises, he was precipitated with it into the same place from which he had just, with so much labour, extricated himself. He was almost overpowered by the violence of his fall, and the sense of the danger he ran, but still had courage enough to make a second attempt to save his life. Notwithstanding the pain he en-

dured from his wounds, he succeeded in nearly reaching the summit once more; but fearing to fall again, he uttered loud cries, which by great good fortune were heard by his companions, who knew not what had become of him. They came to his assistance; but the chance of their all falling into the abyss was so great, that it was only by infinite exertions and extraordinary precautions that they were ultimately enabled to extricate him from his perilous position.

"Another anecdote is worthy of being recorded. A father and son, of the name of Thomas, of the village Des Plans, were in pursuit of chamois above La Boulaire, in the month of December, when snow covered the face of the country. Suddenly the son slipped and fell 1324 feet, by measurement afterwards, from rock to rock, till he ultimately landed in the valley below. The father hastened to his aid, and found him covered with blood, his skull fractured, and apparently dying. He took him on his shoulders, and carried him over masses of snow and precipices, to his home, four hours distant. The young man was trepanned, and

recovered. He was often seen by the narrator afterwards, as strong and as well as if nothing had ever happened to him. What a fine subject this would be for a painter! The lifeless figure of the child—the energetic efforts of the father in overcoming the difficulties he met with, to save one so dear to him—the wild scenery of these high mountains—all, together, would form a finer group than that of Anchises borne by Æneas. This verse, from "La Henriade," would furnish an appropriate motto for the subject—"Une seconde fois, il lui donna la vie."

At Anzeindaz are the boundaries of the cantons of Berne and the Valais. The hand of man has neither placed them there, nor will man ever displace them. They are vast rocks which form the line of demarcation between the two States. From the summit of these natural barriers is a path that anywhere else would be called a precipice, leading to a deep valley, in which are the huts of the Valaisan shepherds. They are formed of stones loosely put together and covered with planks, the whole blackened by smoke. The cribs in which

they sleep are low, and their beds are formed of leaves and litter, for few can boast of the luxury of a blanket. Bread and wine are unknown to them whilst they are living there, and they exist on milk, curds, and whey. Many are dressed in goat-skins, which give them a singular appearance; and they carry in their hand a pole with iron rings, which they shake before the heads of cows who approach dangerous places. It is impossible to meet with men more unlike the inhabitants of towns than these are, not only in their physiognomy and their costume, but also in their utter ignorance of everything but the occupation in which they are engaged. The extremity of this valley, which is called Cheville, runs up to the rocks called Diablerets, divided by immense chasms. The glaciers on the other side constantly press against them, and they are three in number. In the beginning of the eighteenth century there were four Peaks, or Dents, as they call them in Switzerland, and previous to that time it is probable there were more. The record of the last that fell is alone preserved. In 1714, strange subter-

raneous noises were heard several days before the catastrophe, so that many of the shepherds had time to retire with their herds, whilst those that remained were all destroyed. Suddenly a vast portion of one of the rocks, larger than an ordinary mountain, detached itself, rolled into the valley, and caused the whole neighbouring country to tremble as from the shock of an earthquake. Many persons and cattle perished, and much property was destroyed. The *débris* covered a square league of country, and a dense mass of dust obscured the light for miles around. The fall of the remaining portion took place in 1749, with less loss of life. If an explanation is asked of these facts of any peasant of the Valais, he will tell you that the Diablerets, as the name implies, are a faubourg of the infernal regions, and that there is or was a colony of Devils there; that they were divided into two parties, one of which wished to upset the mountain into Berne, the other into the Valais; that the latter, being the stronger of the two, had succeeded in throwing their portion over into it. There is reason to fear that the three

remaining peaks will some day or other fall as the others did; and when the Valaisans apprehend any such event, they bring a monk to exorcise them. In the midst of these scenes of desolation is a picturesque lake called Derborentze; the Lizerne, coming from a mountain glacier, falls into it, forming a fine cascade; but no fish are to be found in its waters, nor has a boat ever floated on them. Here, during the heat of the day, the cattle come to enjoy the cool air from the waterfall. The Lizerne, after forming this lake, passes under rocks, from which it again issues, and in one part is traversed by a bridge, which has none equal to it excepting that of the St. Gothard. It is an arch of ice and perpetual snow. Every year an avalanche falls in this spot, and the aspect of the place is fearful. The boldest hunters never pass it without trembling, and that is saying a great deal, as there are no men more insensible to danger. After traversing a plain covered with enormous rocks, which are parts of the fallen Diablerets, the new road is reached, which is so narrow that a mule can scarcely pass along it, and it leads to the village of Aven,

and from thence to Sion. The distance from the former to the latter is about three hours' march; on the way may yet be seen the ruins of two châteaux or fortresses, famous in the annals of the country, called Montorge and Seon. Before taking leave of this curious country, I may mention an extraordinary incident that occurred to a peasant of the village of Aven, when the Diableret rock fell into the plain. He was supposed to be buried in the *débris;* masses were said for his soul; his children were declared orphans, and his wife a widow. Three months afterwards, on Christmas-eve, he reappeared, pale, thin, and careworn, hardly able to support himself, his hair matted, and his only covering a few scanty rags. All the village was in commotion, thinking it was his ghost; his own door was closed against him, and the curé came to exorcise him. He succeeded, however, in satisfying the people of his identity, and then gave the following account of what had happened to him. He was at his devotions in his little hut when the catastrophe occurred, and an immense rock fell so as to protect the building from the

avalanche of earth and stones that accompanied it. Then he said, "I no longer was afraid; I did not lose courage; and I worked without ceasing to make a passage out." Some cheeses which he found in the châlet served as his nourishment, and he quenched his thirst by collecting the drops of water which filtered through from above it. He could not tell how long he had been in this subterraneous dungeon, but at last succeeded in finding his way out. He added, "I was at first unable to bear the light, but God in His goodness never deprived me of hope, and I always confided in Him. It is He who has sent me back once more amongst you all, as a witness and a speaking proof of His infinite mercies and power."

In the low grounds of the Canton du Valais, the peasantry are generally in easy circumstances, because the soil is sufficiently fertile not to require high cultivation; and they possess meadows, pastures, and vineyards, which latter would produce a good wine if the making it were better understood. Horses are rare, because the roads are so rough and mountainous that they find sure-footed animals,

like mules, infinitely more useful; and they employ them in carrying corn to the barn, grapes to the press, and manure to the fields. These animals are sent to fetch cheese and fuel from the mountains, and wherever he goes, the Valaisan is mounted on one of them. They are extremely hospitable to a stranger, and always offer him bread and cheese and eggs, which to them is luxurious fare. Their language is a *patois*, very soft and even musical, but they spoil it by the guttural manner in which they pronounce the words. ' The ancient capital of the canton, Sion, so frequently agitated in the olden time by feudal revolutions, is curiously situated between three rocks, covered with the ruins of former fortresses. It is, without exception, one of the most old-fashioned, gloomy places I ever saw. In general, throughout the Valais, the views of the country offer a strange mixture of cultivation and desolation, and of antique monuments destroyed by the hand of man, or the work of time. Thrice has the town been burnt; and if on the last occasion more energy had been shown in endeavouring to put it out, instead of bringing

images of saints to stop it, the results would not have been so disastrous. The last fire was in 1788, when the greater part of the town, the Episcopal Palace, the ancient Château Tourbillon, and the Archives, fell a prey to the flames. It is one of those places that tourists avoid, but its history is full of interest. From the top of one of its fortresses, called Seon, the Baron de Thurn precipitated his uncle, Guispard de Tavel, Bishop of Sion, in 1375, after having stabbed with a poniard both him and his chaplain. The assassin was afterwards killed in a bloody engagement which took place at a league from Sion, his châteaux were destroyed, his adherents driven out of the country, and the deceased Bishop was ever after considered and ranked as a martyr. We saw a few cretins and many goîtres wherever we went; but I think the numbers of the former much exaggerated. Some people suppose the configuration of the valley is one cause of the latter disease prevailing; because, as it runs in an easterly and westerly direction, and is bounded on both sides by high mountains, the wind can only blow from those two quarters. I recollect an

instance in which, by admitting a fresh current of air into a village, the numbers of these unfortunate beings, in process of time, sensibly diminished. Some one who wished to raise money, cut down a forest of firs in a remote locality, to float down the river for the use of the steamers on the Lake of Geneva. The village, or clusters of huts which it overhung, became better ventilated, and it produced the favourable sanitary results I have described. The Valaisans are a primitive race, attached to their religion and their institutions. Here you meet with the barber-surgeon of former days, with a long pole at the door indicative of his bleeding patients who may require it, they holding the staff in their hands to enable him to operate more skilfully. Over one of these shops I saw written—"Ici les femmes rasent Louis Favrey perruquier;" and as there was no stop in the sentence, it read as if the women there shaved the barber. Much has been said of, and much has been written on, Switzerland; but to know it well, is not to follow the great lines of communication, but to go by mountain tracks, and visit localities

where the national character and old customs have not been influenced by intercourse with foreigners. The "Ranz des Vaches," in the *patois* of Switzerland, signifies a series of objects that follow each other in Indian file, or, in other words, one after the other, and may be translated "The March of the Cows." The air itself, peculiar to the Alps, is of remote origin, it having been played on the hautbois, or the Alp-horn, in the most remote times; but the words are of more modern date. In the German portions of Switzerland, the peasants of Entlibuch, Mount Pilate, the Valley of Hassli, and the Canton of Appenzell, each have their own particular "Kuhreihen." The music of the last-named was sent to England at the request of Queen Anne, who often caused it to be performed by her own band. The words vary very much, as well as the number of the stanzas; but the subject is always nearly the same—it being the song of the shepherds who drive the cattle to the mountains, where they are to pass the summer months. It commences by reciting the accidents that occur on their way, such as torrents that

bring them to a halt, or other such causes. Then the principal herd sends his assistant to the curé of the neighbouring parish, to solicit his prayers and blessing, which prove so efficacious, that not only do they overcome the difficulty, but when they reach their châlet, the cauldron and pails become filled before half the cattle are milked. I have taken from the "Conservateur Suisse" the words of the "Ranz des Vaches," in the original *patois* (to which I have subjoined a literal translation), as sung in the western mountains of the Cantons de Vaud and Fribourg. There is great softness in the language of the peasantry of these Alps, and it is doubtless much the same as that of the Troubadours of yore :—

Lé zarmailli dei Colombetté
Dé bon matin sé san léba.

(*Refrain.*) Ha ah! ha ah!
Liauba! liauba! por aria.
Vinidé toté,
Bllantz' et nairé,
Rodz et motailé,*
Dzjouven' et otro,

* Motailé: a cow with a star on the forehead.

Dézo on tschàno,
Io vo z'ario,
Dézo on treinbllo
Io ïe treintzo;
Liauba! liauba! por aria (bis).

Kan san vegniu ai bassé z'ivoué,
D'ne sein lo pi k'l'an pu passa.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Pouro Pierro! ke fain-no ice?
No n'no sein pas mo einreinblla.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Te fo alla frapà la porta,—
A la porta de l'Eincoura.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Ké volliai vo ke ïe lai dièsso
A noutron bravo l'Eincoura?
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Ke fo ke no dièss'ouna messa,
Por k'no puchein lai z'i passa.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

L'é z'alla fierre a la porta
E l'a de d'ains' à l'Eincoura:
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Fo ke vo no dièsse na messa,
Por ke no lai puchein passa.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

L'Eincoura lai ïa fai responda,
Pouro frare! s'te vau passa—
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Te fo mé bailli na motetta;
Ma ne té fo pa l'écrama.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Einvohi no voutra serveinta;
No lai farein on bon pri gra.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Ma serveinta!—l'é tru galèza;
Vo poria bein mé la vouarda.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

N'oussi pa pouaire, noutron pritro;
No n'ein sein pa tan afama.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

De tru mola voutra serveinta,
Fudrai épei no confessa.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Dé preindre lo bein de l'ehlisse,
No ne sarian pa perdonna.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Reintorna t'ein, mon pour Pierro;
Deri por vo n' Avè Maria.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Prau bien, prau pri ïe vo sohetto,
Ma vigni me sovein trova.

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Pierro revein ai bassé z'ivoué,
Et to lo drai l'an pu passa.

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

[TRANSLATION.]

The herds of the Colombettes
Got up in the early morn.

(*Refrain.*) Ha ah! ha ah!
Kine! kine! to milk you all.
Come ye all,
White and black,
Red and starred,
Young and others;
Under an oak,
Where I milk you—
Under a thorn,
Where I curdle (the milk):
Kine! kine! to milk you all.

When they reached the waters deep,
Means there were none to cross.

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Poor Peter! what are we doing here?
We both of us stick in the mud.

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

You must go knock at the door,—
At the door of the Curé.

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

What wish you that I should say
To our most worthy Curé?

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

That he should say a mass
For us to get over here.

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

He went to knock at the door,
And thus to the Curé spoke:

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

For us you must go say a mass,
That we both the stream may pass.

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

The Curé thus answered him:
Poor brother, if thou wouldst pass—

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Thou must give me a little cheese;
But mind it is all of cream.

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Send us your servant maid;
We'll make her a rich cheese.

Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

My servant maid!—too pretty she is:
You may keep her away from me.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Be not at all afraid, our priest;
We're not so greedy as that.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

If too much we kiss your maid,
Perhaps we must both confess:
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

For taking the goods of the Church,
We should not pardon get.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Return, my poor Peter, for thee
I will say an Ave Maria.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Much luck, much cheese I wish thee,—
But pay me a visit often.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Peter went back to the waters deep,
And crossed without further ado.
Ha ah! ha ah! &c.

Those who have heard this Alpine song in the early morning, amongst the desert and uncultivated mountains of the Canton de Vaud, or in

the dead of night in the high pine forests, when neither the singers nor the instruments can be seen, must have experienced the charming effects it produces. The silence that prevails, the solitude of the locality, the wildness of the scenery, all contribute to create a melancholy but pleasing sensation; and the echoes of neighbouring mountains repeat the varied modulations of the voices and the instruments, until they gradually die away in the distance.

Besides the long chorus I have given above, they sometimes use a shorter one; but then the air is changed. It runs thus:—

Lé sonailliré,
Van lé premiré;
Lé toté nairé,
Van lé derrairé.

Those which wear the bells
Go in the front;
Those which are all black,
Go in the rear.

Or—

The kine that wear the tinkling bells
Go first, and show the way;
The black ones follow o'er the dells,
And in the rear must stay.

This music, so dear to the Swiss mountaineer, has a singular effect upon him when out of his own country. I know that in Corsica, where a Swiss regiment was quartered in the time of Charles X., the band occasionally played it, and the officers were surprised at the number of suicides amongst the young recruits, to whom it gave the "Mal du pays." Many of them, too, deserted, to return home; and it was forbidden either to play, sing, or whistle the air, in consequence.

CHAPTER IX.

The Simplon—Journey to Florence—I escape with a broken, plastered head—An English and French *bon mot*—Rome—Holy Week—Notabilities—Prince Leopold—Princesse Borghese—Pope Pius VII.—Cardinal Gonsalvi—Naples—Vesuvius—Louis Stecchi—Queen Caroline—Free Trade *v.* Protection—To England.

I DO not think there is a more striking or more picturesque approach to Italy than by the road of the Simplon. It is of itself one of the grandest engineering works in Europe; and then the rich plains of the Milanais and Piedmont, and the Lago Maggiore, are unequalled in beauty. As we descended and came near to Baveno, plains covered with Turkish wheat, olive groves, and the apple-trees cut in the shape of cups, festooned with vines, which hung gracefully from one to the other, showed that we had left the lands of commonplace, and entered a new and classical region. The

phlegmatic Austrian appears out of place amongst such a people; and at Milan, even so far back as 1821-2, there was the same feeling of dislike towards them, on the part of the Milanese, that there is at the present day. I met no Austrians in the society of the higher classes, and those few who did associate with them were avoided by their countrymen. The theatre was the only place where they were seen under the same roof. The first night I was at La Scala, I observed a gentlemanly-looking man, who was running round the pit during the whole of the performance, using his arms as if he were jumping over a skipping-rope. No one seemed to pay any attention to his antics, and on inquiry I was told that he was a young nobleman of high family, who had become enamoured of a pretty dressmaker whom he wished to make his wife. The family, however, forbade the match, and it had such an effect upon him that he lost his reason. It was added, that the girl herself was also insane, from disappointment, and that she was confined in the public asylum for lunatics. He was always watched by some one wherever he went.

It is a romantic story, but I was assured it was perfectly true.

Our journey to Florence was unattended with any accidents worth noting, except that in passing the Apennines, and hoping to arrive at a reasonable hour, we were detained for a long time on a narrow bridge, in the dark, by mules which were drawing carts, and met us in the middle of it. They would neither advance nor back out of it, but, putting their legs out like the wooden stands for drying clothes, stood their ground in spite of blows, entreaties, and maledictions. The muleteers made us laugh very much; for, not satisfied with abusing the animals, they invoked their patron saints, and called them by all sorts of names, because they came not to their assistance. The city was full of English, and was very gay. We had balls at Prince Borghese's and at all the leading houses of the place. At one of them, some of the *attachés* to the Embassy and myself were disguised as females. It was a masked ball, and we went as a mamma and her three daughters, having been previously dressed in the extreme of the fashion by an English lady

residing there. We wore velvet masks, with lace falling over the mouth, and it was not till late in the evening that we were discovered, when we made a hasty retreat. Like most of the English of the time, I was a frequent visitor at the sculptor Bartolini's studio; and as others were having their busts taken in alabaster—for which there was quite a *furore*—I had mine done too. When it arrived in England, I expected my friends to recognise an old acquaintance, but it was generally taken for a likeness of the Emperor Alexander; and one day an insane housemaid dashed me to the ground, and broke me into a thousand pieces. I do not know what became of the remains of my former *alter ego*, but I believe I was carted away with the other contents of the dust-hole.

My travelling companion, Lord W——, was so anxious to get on to Rome, that he would not hear of a temporary rest in Florence; but as I was anxious to see the place, we parted, and I went to stay a month with an old Eton friend, who had taken a palazzo, and was making a collection of paintings and antiques. He carried this mania to

such a pitch, that he was obliged to rent rooms in a large palace in one of the streets running at right angles to the Arno, to contain them. One picture was at least twenty feet in length, and proportionately high. Being heir to a peerage, and to one of the finest country-houses in England, he would eventually have been able to dispose of them; but, as it was, he must almost have freighted a ship to send them away. I began to launch out here a little, and to attempt to make myself understood in Italian. A Florentine complimented me on my pronunciation, and entering into conversation, asked me if I had been at Como, and seen the statue of St. Charles Borromeo. I replied, "Si, Signor, io sono stato nel suo naso Romano," which satisfied him that I knew a great deal more of the language than I was willing to admit. For conversation, I think there is no foreign tongue to be compared to French—there are so many little *jeux de mots*, which are not possible in any other that I am acquainted with. For instance—one night, at a party, there was an elderly lady who was always dressed like a girl, with a low

body and short sleeves. A Frenchman to whom I was speaking, alluding to her, said, "Si j'avais un bras de mère (mer), je le mettrois dans La Manche." I thought I never heard a better play upon words. Something of the same sort I remember in London, however. At a ball in Hanover-square, at which I was present, there was a large trifle in the centre of the supper-table, and on it a figure made of sugar. Jekyll, turning to a lady, said, "I never remember to have seen a man so perfectly *candid* stand upon such a trifle." I do not know whether other travellers have experienced, as I have, a sort of satiety of fine pictures, statues, and architectural *chef-d'œuvres;* but I was as much tired of seeing them at last, as a grocer's apprentice is of sugar, after a free run of the shop. Frank Hall Standish, who afterwards bequeathed so many fine paintings to Louis Philippe, was residing at the time in Florence. He had a yacht waiting for him either at Leghorn or Genoa, in which he intended making a tour of the Mediterranean. He proposed to me and one or two others to accompany him; the day was named for starting;

we made our preparations; and when the time came, we all went to his house, where, to our amazement, we found he had started without us. He was singular in his habits, and perhaps thought it a good practical joke, but we were none of us of his opinion. Bidding adieu, therefore, to Florence, without exactly knowing which way I should bend my steps, I decided, for much the same cause that a duck puts his head under water—divers reasons—to steer for Rome and Naples. I arrived at the former place after a tedious journey, and put up at a lodging in the Piazza di Spagna. Before entering the city, an inn was pointed out to us, at which Pius VII. stopped on his return from his long captivity in France, to bless the Campagna. It does not appear to have had the desired effect, however, for the country still remains wild and little cultivated. In the time of the ancient Romans, there was, no doubt, a dense population in all the districts adjoining the capital; and I know not why this same congregation of numbers should have so entirely disappeared, unless it be that from cutting down forests on the hills which sepa-

rate Rome from the Pontine marshes, malaria has spread, and driven the inhabitants away to higher and healthier grounds.

I do not think the schoolmaster was abroad at the time of which I am speaking; for I heard a story of a certain Signor Mosate, who was, I believe, Professor of Anatomy at Pavia, and who undertook to prove that all the diseases of mankind proceed from their walking erect on their legs, instead of moving on all-fours. The new doctrine, however, created so great a disturbance as to oblige the sapient Professor to make his escape from Pavia, but whether he did so on all-fours my informant said not.

All the official personages of the Holy City were priests of some grade or other. They were much like a certain modern statesman in one respect—viz., that they would fill any office tendered to them, even to the command of the Roman navy, if there had been such a thing in existence.

There were many whom the French would call notabilities, who had come to see the ceremonies of the Holy Week. Amongst others, Prince Leopold,

besides a host of celebrities of every country in Europe. The Princesse Borghese, sister of the first Napoleon, opened her saloons occasionally, and I was so fortunate as to be a constant visitor on these occasions. She still showed the remains of great beauty; and I observed that she was very fond of displaying her small feet upon a red velvet cushion, which had the effect of setting them off to greater advantage. Knowing that I had so recently been at St. Helena, she often beckoned me out of the circle which was formed round the room, and talked to me of the Emperor, asking every imaginable question respecting the island, the climate, and the authorities who had been there at the time of his death. When it became time to withdraw, a *dame d'honneur* accompanied some one on the harp, and played on the piano the "March of the Imperial Guard." This was the usual signal for the party to break up. She was a fascinating person, and I considered myself fortunate in the honour of her acquaintance.

I often visited the studio of Canova, and met him in society. He was a little, agreeable

man, who was very chatty, and was treated with distinction wherever he made his appearance. The last time I saw him, I remember taking two wax candles to show him out of the room, and his efforts to prevent me preceding him to the head of the staircase. He was just then finishing his beautiful group of the Death of Christ. I believe he never lived to cut it in marble. It was intended for the church of his native village; and, I have heard, was ultimately sculptured by some other artist.

I found my old friend, Lord W——, here once more, and we again took up our quarters together. He rode a large horse with a Roman nose, and the animal was so like those on the old sculptures, that we called it "Alto Relievo." Torlonia's parties were always crowded, and the Duke de Blacas lived in princely style, as did all the ambassadors of Catholic countries. However, during the Holy Week no festivities went on. The ceremonies of that season have been so often described, that it would be useless to say much on the subject. I thought one of the most imposing was the Adoration of the Cross, in the great Church of St. Peter's.

The dim light that pervades the magnificent aisles is only the faint reflection of that from the stupendous cross hanging from the centre of the dome; and there is something not only striking in the scene itself, but its solemnity, in my opinion, tends to create a religious feeling. I often thought, in comparing the Catholic ceremonials with our own, that they are better adapted to the people of the warm south, who are all feeling and imagination, than are the colder observances of the Established Church. Perhaps I may be considered not very orthodox for saying so, but it is the result of observation and reflection. The "Miserere," sung in the Sistine Chapel, is certainly one of those rare musical effects which once heard can never be forgotten. Just as twilight commences, in the midst of a silence so deep that a pin may be heard to drop, the vocalists commence this magnificent psalm, without accompaniment; and, as it gradually dies away, the impression on the auditors is more like what one may imagine to be produced by the music of the spheres, than anything else I can compare it to.

It is a common thing for English people to enter

and walk about Catholic churches abroad, whilst mass is going on, without paying much respect either to the sanctity of the place or the feelings of the worshippers. Such was the case in Rome, where they paraded the spacious aisles of St. Peter's, and talked, as if it had been the promenade of Hyde Park in the season. I often met the Pope Pius VII. in his carriage, escorted by the body-guard, composed, as is well known, of youths of noble families. On these occasions it was usual, if on horseback, to dismount and salute him. He bore a striking resemblance to the picture painted of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Notwithstanding the severe trials he had undergone, he had an open, cheerful countenance; and, what was very remarkable, there was not a grey hair to be seen in his head, although he was then in his seventy-ninth or eightieth year. He died the year after I left Rome, from the effects of a fall, which broke his thigh, only four days after the burning of his favourite church, the noble Basilica of St. Paul. After visiting the Forum, the Colosseum, and all that the Eternal City offers worthy of notice, and

witnessing the display of fireworks at the Castle of St. Angelo, I made one of a party to stay a week at Tivoli, in a château belonging to the famous Cardinal Gonsalvi. There were many of us, and we passed a very agreeable time there; but it often occurred to me that we ran great risks of being carried off to the mountains by the brigands, who were then numerous, and somewhere in the neighbourhood,—for we constantly rode out in the hilly country, where it would have been an easy matter to capture the whole of us. It was here that the Secretary of Prince Lucien Bonaparte was seized in mistake for his employer; and he only owed his life to his talent for drawing. He displayed and proved his powers in that line by taking likenesses of the chief, and some of the band.

Cardinal Gonsalvi was Prime Minister under Pius VII., and proved himself a man of singular talent and diplomatic ability. During the long captivity of the Pope, the affairs of the Roman States had fallen into disorder, and the finances had suffered to a great extent. The Cardinal applied himself vigorously to remedy the evils that

existed; and, from being a statesman of clear perception and enlightened views, besides being a good man of business, he could give his attention to the most minute as well as to the most important details of public affairs. Ambassador from the Pope at the Congress of Vienna, he had an arduous task to perform. It was proposed to separate the Legations from the Holy See, and it was owing to his tact and arguments that the Congress was won over to his view of the question, and the Provinces were retained as a portion of the States of the Church. As every stranger must be, I was much interested in Rome; but I fear I shall be considered somewhat of a Goth if I speak of the Eternal City otherwise than in laudatory terms. I admire its treasures of art, the splendour of its churches, and the ruins of its former greatness; but how much is all this magnificence marred by meanness, and its splendour allied to uncleanness. Its copious supplies of water, which flow in splendid fountains, neither serve to purify its thoroughfares, nor to lay the dust of ages. What, however, can be expected of a people who are constantly alternating between

sins and penance; or pelting each other with sugar-plums during the Carnival, and going to confession when it is over? The masses are like puppets drawn by wires, which their priestly rulers have only to pull, and they assume any form they please. Get rid of the incubus of the Theocracy—let the Romans have fair play—and there is yet spirit enough left amongst them to prove they have not forgotten that they descend from the masters of the world, or that they are unmindful of the glories they have inherited.

I fortunately met with an officer of the Guards, who, like myself, was anxious to see Naples. The road was infested by the brigands, and we were considered very rash for attempting the journey without an escort. Trusting to our good fortune, however, we took our departure from the Capitol at night, and met with no adventures. We certainly came to some cut-throat-looking places, and heard wonderful stories of dismal import; but the woods were burnt down on either side of the road within musket-shot, and towers were built, in which troops were stationed, to observe the ap-

proaches to it. The sentries posted on the top of these had telescopes mounted on pivots, through which they constantly watched everything that was passing.

At Terracina, they told us of a school that had been surprised, and all the children carried off by some "Fra Diavolo" and his band. A price was set on their heads, and the ears of those who were not ransomed were sent to those afflicted parents and guardians who closed their own to the demands made by the brigands on their purses. This *argumentum ad hominem* had the desired effect; the money was paid, and the children restored to their homes—although, of course, some were minus their ears.

I formed great expectations of Naples, and it is one of the few places I know where the reality equals the conception previously entertained of it. *Vedere Napoli, e poi morire,* is an old saying; and I fully agree with the first part of the sentence, but demur to the second. We were so unfortunate as to reach our destination only three days after an eruption of Mount Vesuvius had ceased. I say

"unfortunate," because it is one of those natural phenomena which strangers may wait a long while to behold, and yet not witness. I joined a party, however, that went to see it afterwards, and on our way we stopped to visit Pompeii, the most interesting of Italian antiquities. No other place gives such a vivid idea of the every-day life of the ancient Romans; and I remarked a great similarity between the shops and those that may still be seen in some of the very old Swiss villages, such as Pully, on the Lake of Geneva. Although there was a crust of lava sufficiently firm to allow us to ascend the mountain and see the crater, yet in pushing a stick into the crevices it came out charred. A puff of sulphurous vapour nearly suffocated me as I reached the summit; and although I was pleased to have seen it, I was equally so to retrace my steps. Going up is hard work; but in returning, "*facilis descensus Averni.*" There was a *fête* day whilst we were there, and the San Carlos Theatre being lighted with innumerable wax candles, it was to be seen in perfection. The decorations of the salle were then in sky-blue and

silver, with a good deal of plate-glass, which reflected the light, and made it appear very gay. I knew an old French gentleman who had lived a joyous life in Paris, and finding that he no longer played the same part in society that he had done in the days of his youth, he made up his mind to retire to Naples, where he passed every evening at the Opera, much to his own satisfaction. He said it was the only pleasure left in his latter days. If all the old gentlemen of London were of his opinion, we might easily support the two Italian theatres. The same person had occasion to ask a favour of the Emperor Napoleon the First, and presented a petition, in which he set forth, as a claim to his Imperial Majesty's consideration, that he had shed, or caused to flow, more English blood than any other of his subjects during the war. This arose from his having sent vast quantities of leeches to the London market, where they found a ready sale. I do not know whether his request was granted or not; but a witty remark will often produce a greater effect in France than the most laboured reasoning.

I pass over our stay in Naples, because, although there was a good deal of the usual society there amongst foreigners, and a few of the native houses were opened to them, nothing worth noting occurred. When it became time to think of leaving it for Rome, I joined a family that were very intimate with the Prince of Hesse, who commanded the Austrian Army of Occupation, and he good-naturedly ordered some Hungarian grenadiers and hussars to escort us through the dangerous part of the road. It often happened that the five carriages in which the party travelled were stopped owing to the apprehensions of the ladies, who saw goat-herds coming down from the mountains, and imagined we were going to be attacked. On these occasions we advanced in skirmishing order to meet them, and having reconnoitred the supposed enemy, and rendered a favourable report, we again proceeded on our way.

Some courier had been recently taken who was in charge of dispatches, and a ransom of twenty thousand crowns put on his head. The Austrians were so anxious to recover him, that they sent out

a whole battalion of Tyrolese riflemen to track the brigands down. They ran them so close, that the courier said he could hear the voices of the soldiers; and the chief stood over his prisoner with a stiletto, threatening to stab him if he made the slightest noise. He was ultimately rescued, but it was suspected that the Government had been obliged to pay the money. One of the men of the band had treated him very badly; and when he was overpowered with fatigue in ascending the mountains, pricked him with a poniard, as he would have spurred a horse. As this bandit was a well-known character, a reward was offered for his apprehension dead or alive; and one day two gens d'armes were patrolling, when they met a little girl carrying some provisions. On cross-questioning her as to what she was doing with them, she admitted that she was taking them to a sick man n a hut at some distance. The two gens d'armes accompanied her there, and found the man they were in quest of. Without more ado they cut off his head, brought it into Velletri, and claimed the reward.

At Rome I found a servant, whom I engaged to accompany me to Paris; it was Louis Stecchi, who had been for some time with Queen Caroline, and he had begun life in a regiment of Hussars, in which he made the campaign of Russia. He spoke every language of Europe, *plus ou moins bien;* and he had such a remarkably good voice, that wherever I stopped I made him bring his guitar, and sing all the favourite airs of the operas then in vogue. These couriers are certainly extraordinary men, for they are almost all good linguists, and how they pick up so many languages I cannot imagine. We lodged at the Albergo Imperiale in Milan, and it interested me as the place in which Queen Caroline first saw and engaged Bergami in her service. My brother-in-law, who was her equerry, was in want of a valet; and one day, in driving out with her Majesty, she remarked to him a man standing at the porte cochère, who had stared very much at her as they went out of it. On her return, the same thing occurred. When the proprietor saw my brother-in-law, he said that he had found a man who would suit for the vacant situation, and

he brought in the identical stranger, Bergami, who was at once taken into the Royal service. At the dinner hour he came to assist, and the Queen again observed him and inquired his name. Some time after, the establishment was to be reduced, and my brother-in-law asked if he should send away the servant recently engaged. She ordered him to be retained, and made groom of the chamber; and his good fortune dated from that day.

I returned to my old quarters in Geneva, and amongst other places went to visit Monsieur Bautte's jewellery rooms, which have gained him a European celebrity. There is a great deal of contraband trade carried on from the canton generally into France, notwithstanding the number of Douaniers who are stationed in the Jura mountains to prevent it. A story is often told in Geneva to prove the impossibility of putting a stop to smuggling, where prohibitive laws render it a profitable occupation. When M. de St. Criq was at the head of that department in Paris, he heard of such quantities of gold watches and jewellery being brought across the frontier, that he went himself

to Switzerland to see if he could not make some arrangements that would put an entire stop to the fraudulent entry of goods, which inflicted considerable injury on French trade. Accordingly, he called at M. Bautte's, and after inspecting a variety of articles, selected a large amount, which he purchased on condition that they should be sent to and reach Paris at the same time as he did. This M. Bautte agreed to, on his paying the usual premium of five per cent. on the total amount. M. de St. Criq started, and as there are three lines of Custom-house officers, he gave the most stringent orders to the chiefs of each station to be on the look-out for what was coming, and to ascertain how it was passed. On arriving at his hotel in Paris his valet brought up his luggage, and at the same time a box, which he placed on the table. It was opened, and found to contain all his Geneva purchases. He had himself smuggled the very articles he had gone to prevent being brought into France. It was done in this manner:—M. Bautte had recognised his customer without the latter being aware of it, and he waited till the post-horses

were put to; then, handing the package to the valet, the latter, as a matter of course, seeing it was something for his master, put it with his other effects, and from the official character of the traveller, no one noticed it at the frontier.

As an encouragement to French agriculture, there used to be a premium, and perhaps there is now, on the exportation of refined beet-root sugar. A vast deal of this was sent to Switzerland, and there the owners paid a per centage, which was less than they had received in premiums, to reintroduce it into France—thus pocketing a considerable difference, without running any risk.

At the present day the masses pay for the exclusive benefit of the proprietors of forges, and manufacturers whose productions have been unnaturally forced, by the exclusion of foreign merchandize; and if the French people were made fully aware of the increased expenditure they incur by tolerating monopolies, there would be the same agitation to remove those burdens which caused Free Trade to triumph in England, and, I have no doubt, with

equally beneficial results to all parties concerned. I am one of those who think that the common sense of all the peoples of Europe must ultimately overcome the prejudices of their respective Governments; and when a free interchange of commodities shall have been brought about, a community of interests will render wars not only less frequent, but to a certain extent impossible. My object is not to enter into political disquisitions, in which there is generally a good deal of special pleading on both sides of the question at issue; and therefore I must request my reader to go along with me to Dover, where, as most other travellers did, I put up at Wright's Hotel.

CHAPTER X.

The Wrights—Dover coach—"The light (coach) of other days is faded"—London in November—Watchmen of former times—Sedan-chairs—Nash's "Positive Order"—Gentlemen and gents—Habits and dress—The Opera House: "Les Coulisses"—Castle Hotel, Richmond—*Fête champêtre*—Bygone operatic and *ballet* stars—Wellington—Baron Stulz—Vauxhall as it was.

THE Brothers Wright had a monopoly of the road in these days—one had a house at Dover, another at Canterbury, another at Sittingbourne, and one more at Rochester. They were all good inns, and no one went very far wrong who took up his quarters in either of them. A sad change has come over them now, however. Of the Rose and Crown, at Sittingbourne, I know nothing; but the hotel at Rochester is only the ghost of its former self. There are no more ostlers in the yard, running about, half distracted, to see the "first

turn-out" put-to in the shortest possible time. All that portion facing the bridge is occupied by some private individual, and what remains is gloomy and dull. The rooms retain some of the furniture of the period, such as globular glasses surmounted by eagles with long chains from their beaks, in which every one appeared in a distorted shape; and there are still the old horse-hair chairs and sofas, which were seen in most mansions thirty years ago. A veteran waiter roams about the house lamenting its fallen state, and flattens his nose against the window the greater part of the day, vainly looking out for carriages-and-four, which, like angels' visits, are short and far between. The Dover coach occupied the whole day in reaching town, and it was not always easy to get a place in or on it. The coachmen were well-known characters all along the road; and at each village we passed there were nods of recognition and friendly salutations from the pretty servant-girls and barmaids. London in November does not give a stranger, or one who has been long absent, a favourable impression of the climate of the British

Isles. It was evening when we reached the Elephant and Castle; a dense fog prevailed—that peculiar yellow fog one sees nowhere else; and, notwithstanding the bustle of the streets, there was a melancholy matter-of-fact look about everything, which, after Paris, almost led me to think as the French do, that November is the month of all others in which the inhabitants have *Le spleen*, and throw themselves off the bridges. The London of that day was very different to London of 1858. There were no public vehicles but the old-fashioned hackney coaches, with a pair of horses, that never exceeded the parliamentary trot of five miles an hour. There were no omnibuses, for the first was introduced in 1828 by Shillibeer; no Hansom cabs; and, when it was dark, the old Charlies went their dreary rounds, crying the hour and the state of the weather. Occasionally, as they slumbered away a portion of the night in their watch-boxes, some youngsters, elevated by an evening debauch, would let them quietly down, and, like a tortoise under his shell, the guardian of the public peace could only by great efforts just get his head

out and call for assistance. In Saint James's-street stood a row of sedan-chairs, which the Dowagers of Saint James's made use of to attend their whist parties. These, too, were in their turn upset by the same class of rollicking youths; and then were to be heard the springing of the watchmen's rattles, warning their comrades to pursue the culprits, who, if caught, expiated their offences in the cells of Vine-street, and were fined for drunkenness the following morning at the Marlborough-street Police Office. Belgravia had not sprung into existence. The Five Fields where Eaton-square and its neighbourhood now stand, were swampy grounds, into which rubbish was cast, and the Life Guards occasionally went there to exercise. Chelsea bun-house, so well known to all schoolboys, was approached by green fields, and Tyburnia had few or no dwellings on it. Regent-street, which had been authorized by an Act of Parliament in 1813, had not been long opened as a public thoroughfare. Nash gave the plans, and to him we are indebted for the removal of dirty, narrow lanes, a labyrinth of courts, and the

present street, which opened an easy communication between Portland-place and Pall-mall. It was a great improvement on old London, although the style of architecture he adopted was very defective. The strange mixture of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian in the houses, was, for want of a better designation, and as emanating from him, called Nash's "Positive Order." New Bond-street was still the fashionable promenade, and there the lounger was sure to meet his friends and acquaintances after four in the afternoon. The national theatres were well frequented, because there were then good actors, whose like we shall rarely see again; and it was very much the fashion to dine at the Bedford and Piazza coffee-houses in Covent-garden, as being in close proximity to them. Chalk Farm, now surrounded by houses, was a nice country inn, which people frequented to enjoy the fresh air, and to eat syllabubs. It was to London what the "Pré aux Clercs" was in days of yore to Paris—the locality in which duellists were wont to settle their differences. As for Hampstead and Highgate, they were rural spots, where crowds collected on

Sundays, as they do now at Greenwich and Gravesend. The site of the modern church in the latter place was that of a fine old mansion, which was many years in the occupation of my family. It had nearly as many windows as days in the year. The entrance-hall, which was very spacious, had an organ in it, and a broad carved-oak staircase led to the upper apartments, which commanded an extensive view of London and the Surrey hills. The present cemetery was then laid out as a park, a portion of it forming one of the best kitchen-gardens near town; and in it grew every sort of English fruit and vegetables. Being always kept in the best order, it formed a delightful promenade, much frequented by such of our friends and acquaintances as could get away from the smoke and bustle of London, to enjoy the fresh air and retirement of the country. Mother Shipton prophesied that Hampstead and Highgate would one day form the centre of the metropolis; and if the absorption of neighbouring villages goes on at the rate it does at present, it may yet come to pass as she foretold.

Such was London thirty years ago; and although the picture is not a flattering one as regarded its exterior appearance, the reverse of the medal was more pleasing. Society was never more agreeable than at that period; it was exclusive, it is true, and perhaps too much so; yet there were so many redeeming points in the men of fashion of those days, that its defects were more than compensated by its brilliancy. Those who took the lead were possessed of talent and high-breeding, so that the general tone of society was polished—for Gentism, if I may so express it, and the very name of "Gent," were then unknown; in fact, it retained something of the refinement of the early times of George the Third's reign, when, although the Court was very dull, the houses of the gentry were very agreeable.

The increasing intercourse between France and England had a great influence on society in both countries. Those of our countrymen who went to Paris came back charmed with the splendour of the Académie Royale de Musique, and the pleasing music of the Opera Comique. The most remark-

able dancers were engaged at the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket; and those who had admired them in the French capital flocked to applaud them in London, the Opera being always crowded whenever there was a performance. Amongst its numerous patrons was Lord Fyfe, and as his Lordship was often there, it gave rise to a common saying—"No fife, no dance." The general taste for good music, which has spread so much of late years in England, took its rise from the period I allude to; although I admit that Hullah, Laurent, Jullien, and others, have diffused a better appreciation of that delightful art, by bringing it within the means of all classes, than was possible under a higher rate of charges—for they amounted to a prohibition, as far as persons of limited income were concerned. The best singers were always engaged for the season, and the *ballet* was better than it has been of late years. Dancing is now confined to an interlude, in which there is invariably a great display of legs, feet, and short petticoats—and perhaps a *première danseuse* may carry off the bouquets, and enlist the feelings of the spectators in

her favour; but there are no longer such *ballets* as *Aline Reine de Golconde, Clari,* or *Nina,* in which the pantomime of Bigottini and others of the same calibre drew tears from the attentive occupants of the boxes and the pit, from its extreme truth and impressiveness. In 1823-4, Madame de Begnis in opera, and her sister Ronzi Vestris in the dance, were peculiar favourites. They were, I believe, Neapolitans by birth, and were both very good-looking, particularly the former, who had the finest and most classical head I ever saw. The latter, for some reason unknown to me, generally went by the nickname of the "Cob." Vestris, the husband, a scion of the great house of that name, was a superior dancer, and, unlike many of his brethren, all his talent did not lie in his legs. He was not only witty, but agreeable, and possessed a fund of anecdote, that caused his society to be sought after by the *dilettanti* who frequented His Majesty's Theatre. The very circumstance of having an *entrée* behind the scenes gave a certain stamp of fashion to the fortunate individual who might be possessed of the privilege, and was eagerly sought

after. Then between the acts might be seen a circle of the most distinguished personages about town around the reigning favourites, who made good use of their advantages to their own benefit; and at the end of the season they, like the Hebrews of old, spoiled the Egyptians of their jewels and their purses, which they bore off with them to that Land of Promise, Paris.

Little suppers, at which there were always some of the ladies of His Majesty's Theatre present, generally followed the close of the opera for the night; and dinners on a grand scale were very much the fashion, at Greenwich, Richmond, and the principal London hotels. The operatic beauties formed the ornaments, and gave a charm to the otherwise monotonous round of similar gaieties. I remember on one occasion being invited by a Grand Seigneur to a party, given at the Castle Hotel, Richmond, where I met all the leading actresses and actors, both of the *ballet* and the opera. Aumer, who had composed many good *ballets,* was present; and it so happened that the Life Guards were dining in an adjoining room. The bandmaster, out of com-

pliment to him, played the music of some of his most recent and popular compositions. When the dessert was placed on the table, our worthy host invited the officers to join us, and as soon as the ladies rose to retire, everything was cleared away; so that when they returned, dancing being proposed, and the Life Guards' band brought in, we remained "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," as the *Morning Post* would say, till early morn, when we all returned to town in the carriages-and-four provided for us. I never, in England, saw quadrilles so well danced as on this occasion. Those who stood up did not walk through them in the listless manner that prevails at present. The ladies danced *con amore;* and certainly the grace with which they glided through the various figures had infinitely more charm, and was more attractive, than either the modern polka or dances to similar hopping measures.

The stars of 1823 were Garcia, de Begnis, Pasta, Curioni, Camporese, and Ronzi de Begnis, in opera; and Anatole, Le Gros, Aurelie, de Varennes, Charles and Ronzi Vestris, Alexandrine,

and last not least, Mercandotti, in the *ballet*, who left the stage on her marriage.

At the opening of the Opéra, on the 24th of January, 1824, Rossini, who came to lead the orchestra in the performance of some of his operas, was received with the most enthusiastic applause. His wife, Madame Colbran, took some of the principal parts; but she never was a favourite, and was only tolerated for the sake of her husband. Garcia, however, sang and acted charmingly, as he always did. In March, Madame Catalani was engaged for a few nights, and her first appearance created quite a *furore*. The volume of her voice, the brilliancy and rapidity of her execution, were still in full vigour and force. Whenever she played, the house was crowded to suffocation; and on the night of her benefit, the lobbies were filled as well as the boxes.

Pasta appeared for the first time after many years' absence, and established the great reputation she ever after enjoyed; and her performance of Nina was a masterpiece of acting and singing. Of all these, none now remain to enjoy their *otium*

in England, which they so well deserved, except my old friend Bégrèz, who still clings to the scenes of his former success, and delights in witnessing the triumphs of the great singers of his day resuscitated in the talent of modern artists.

The style of dress adopted by gentlemen, although unpretending and simple, distinguished them from other classes of society. Between them and the keeper of a silver pandemonium there was a marked difference; and the common "tweed" trousers, cheap paletots, and inexpensive "cut-aways" from Hebrew firms, were totally unknown—at dinners and evening parties, silk stockings, thin shoes, and white neckcloths, being invariably worn. I believe it was George the Fourth who first introduced black neckcloths, and that change led to others that have certainly not improved our national costume. Stulz was the leading professor of the tailoring art, and at his death he left a large fortune behind him. Those who have travelled on the Manheim Railway will doubtless remember a costly Gothic monument near it, erected to his

memory. He not only gave away considerable sums in charity amongst his countrymen, but he also endowed and built an hospital, in consideration of which the Grand Duke of Baden created him a Baron, and gave him one or two of his decorations. I at this period formed the acquaintance of Lord W*** L***, and am happy to say the friendship still exists. To his Lordship I am indebted for the following anecdote: — During the time the Duke of Wellington was at the château of Mont St. Martin, near Cambray, he was one day returning from hunting, attended by the late Lord Raglan, Lord Sandys, and other aides-de-camp, when a very neatly-appointed travelling britzka drove up in great haste to the principal entrance, nearly knocking down the Duke's body-coachman, Turnham, who happened to be in the way. "A foreign messenger," said his Grace; "Fitzroy, you will find me in my room." "A Roossian, at least," rejoined Turnham; "he nearly floored me; and what should we have done when we go to meet the Duke of Kent next week?" Turnham always talked of his master and self as "we." "I think it

must be Brosin,"* said an officer with a broad Scotch accent; "I caught sight of his richly-braided fur pelisse." "Colin, I'll back him, from the neatness of his turn-out, to be an Englishman, against the field," said the late Duke of Beaufort (then Marquis of Worcester), a visitor at the château. "I never bet," replied Sir Colin Campbell, a namesake of the hero of the Highland Brigade. Whilst they were speculating as to whom it could be, the sportsmen had dismounted and joined the others, forming a group in front of the house. Lord Fitzroy had desired the messenger to be shown into his room, and the Duke had retired to doff his hunting gear. The postilion, dismounting, rang loudly at the bell, which was answered by a host of servants. The front part of the carriage was opened, the steps let down, and from it descended a small, stout, rather intelligent-looking man, dressed with the utmost care. He gave his card to the porter, when the Duke of Beaufort, who had recognised the visitor, came forward with that easy, graceful manner, which distinguished that

* The Duke's courier.

descendant of the Plantagenets, and said, "I am happy to see you." It turned out to be the tailor *par excellence*, the Baron Stulz. The aide-de-camp in waiting could scarcely retain his self-possession when he announced to the Duke that the new-comer was neither a messenger from the Czar of All the Russias, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, or Louis XVIII., but the German Schneider from Clifford-street. Stulz, however, was well taken care of during his few hours' visit; and after receiving a variety of orders, professional, not military, he took his leave for Cambray in the evening. To do him justice, he possessed both tact and judgment, held a high position in the trade, and no one knew better than he did what style of dress would suit his customers, and make them appear like gentlemen.

Evening out-of-door amusements were not numerous; but Vauxhall Gardens—or the Royal property, as it was facetiously called—had assumed the same importance, and were as much frequented by the aristocracy in the summer months, as Ranelagh was in the days of our ancestors. It differed

little in appearance from what it now is—perhaps it was not so dilapidated—but the singing was infinitely better, and the company certainly more select. There might be seen the indefatigable Simpson, master of the ceremonies, the Beau Nash of the Gardens, introducing people to partners, and doing the honours of the evening with all the grace of which he was capable. Every one has heard of Vauxhall slices and Vauxhall suppers; but they were then fashionable, and after midnight every table in the centre boxes, opposite to the illuminated pavilion, was filled by the leading persons about town, when the weather happened to be propitious. Now, however, its glories are gone, and Vauxhall has followed in the wake of our national theatres, which are neglected by the aristocracy in comparison to what they once were.

There was not the same luxury in the decoration of shops as in these times, nor did the owners of them sacrifice so much to display, in order to tempt customers. Tradesmen stuck to their business, and lived, not up to, but within their means; the consequence of which was, that they generally

realized more money than their more showy successors of the present day. Owing to the exclusiveness of society at that period, every one was known, and unlimited credit was given to those who moved in the higher circles. This led, of course, to a good deal of extravagance; but I believe that the young men of the present day are, to use a common expression, as much faster, in comparison with the last generation, as the railroad is to the old-fashioned and slow conveyances of the olden time. Advertising was little resorted to as a means of puffing goods, and often a shop of mean exterior was resorted to, quite as much as those that now ornament the great thoroughfares of the metropolis.

CHAPTER XI.

I exchange into the 7th Fusiliers—Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence—Dover—Return to the Metropolis—Crockford's —"And I will stand the hazard of the die"—A novel stake — Gastronomic anecdote — The late Marquis of Queensberry and Louis Eustache Ude—Horace Twiss— A dinner at Theodore Hook's—One of the *Raikes* of London—Happy retort of Count D'Orsay—*Esprit de corps* —Lord Allen and Sergeant Baker—Brother Guardsmen— "Arcades ambo"—Brave men both.

I HAD been some time looking out for an exchange to a regiment in the Mediterranean, and was so fortunate as to meet with one into the 7th Fusiliers, then commanded by Lord Frederick Fitz-Clarence. As soon as my appointment appeared in the *Gazette,* I left London to join the depôt at Dover. The dress of the army had been recently changed, and, by an order from the Horse Guards, knee-breeches and long gaiters were done away with, and trousers substituted for them. I ex-

pected to remain a considerable time with my new corps, when one morning I received an official notification of my promotion to a half-pay company; so that I did little more than march up the heights and down again.

This brought me back to London. Crockford's Club was in great vogue at the time, and he had taken a house in Pall Mall, two or three doors from St. James's-street, which was nightly crowded by all the *élite* of society, particularly after the Opera was over. The play was high at all times; and in a satirical poem written at the time, it was said—

> "He could boast of many debtors,
> Every one amongst his betters."

Having been elected a member, I went on the first opportunity, with the intention of trying my luck like the others. The room was filled, and the hazard had commenced when I entered. I do not know what put such an idea into my head; but addressing Crockford, who was walking backwards and forwards perfectly unconcerned as to the results of the play, I said, jokingly, "I will bet a

sovereign against the choice of your pictures (of which there were many hanging round the walls) that I throw in six mains. To this he consented. I took the box, and threw in seven times successively, and then walked round the room to make my selection. There was a St. Cecilia, by Westall, which I had before admired, and I therefore chose that. This, of course, caused a good deal of laughter, and others followed my example; the result being, that we won several of the oil paintings, and sent for hackney-coaches to convey them to our respective homes. It was a subject that created much merriment for some days after.

In 1826 the Club had become so popular that he determined on building one, on a more extensive and splendid scale, in St. James's-street. The only ground available was that opposite to White's, where, next to the Guards' Club, stood two or three kindred houses of eight or ten rooms each, and three windows in front, such as London builders of that day delighted in. They were as similar in appearance as neighbour Flamborough's family, who were painted on the same canvas, each

holding an orange in their hands, "a thing quite out of taste—no variety, no life, no composition in the world." An army of bricklayers and masons was set to work, the houses were soon demolished, and the palace, like that of Aladdin, rose as it were by magic.* Glass and gilding, velvet and leather, were lavishly employed in ornamenting and furnishing this splendid temple of fashion. The decorations were in the style of the Renaissance, and although tarnished, may yet be seen and judged of at the Wellington dining and smoking-rooms.

Crockford's cook was the celebrated Louis Eustache Ude, who had the reputation of being the greatest professor of the culinary art in Europe; and Francatelli, who succeeded him, was also a first-rate artist. The liberality of Crockford enabled them to furnish exquisite dishes at reasonable prices; so that, in addition to all the dainties of the season, fish, flesh, and fowl were cooked after the

* Les génies obéirent, et quand les ouvriers élévaient durant le jour la tour d'une coudée, ils y en ajoutaient deux pendant la nuit.—VATHEK.

most approved Parisian models, and were tortured into shapes that defied recognition. Crockford, who had a soul above being "a chronicler of small beer," never charged for ale or porter, until one day that a hungry member dined off joint, and drank three pints of bottled ale; after which he made a change in the charges, remarking that "a glass or two was all very well, but three pints were too much of a good thing." To a noble friend already alluded to I am indebted for the following gastronomic anecdote:—One of the favourite dishes was *Boudin de cérises à la Bentinck*—or in plain English, cherry pudding without the stones—which was named after Lord George, a frequent visitor to the Club.

The Marquis of Queensberry, predecessor of the late noble Lord, was a thorough Scot and sportsman at heart. Upon one occasion, in the list of game on the 10th of August, appeared some grouse. His Lordship summoned Ude to Bow-street, and the worthy *chef* was fined for infringing the Game Laws. The following day Lord Queensberry looked at the bill of fare, and no grouse ap-

peared in it. He had ordered and was about to sit down to his dinner, when a friend came in, who proposed joining him, and that each should select his own dishes. When they were served, there was a slight hesitation in Ude's manner; but they attributed it to the fine he had recently paid. An *entrée* followed some excellent soup and fish, Ude saying, "This is my Lord's," uncovering a dish containing a mutton cutlet *à la Soubise*, "and this Sir John's," placing the latter as far from the noble Marquis as possible. "Have a cutlet," said Lord Queensberry. The Baronet assented; "and you in return can have some of my *entrée;* keep the cover on." At last it came to the moment when Sir John's dish was to be uncovered: "What on earth is this?" asked the Scot, as he took up a leg of the salmis; "it cannot be partridge or pheasant; bring the bill of fare." The waiter obeyed. "Why, what does this mean? '*Salmis de fruit défendu!*'—grouse, I verily believe." Ude apologized, declared the grouse had been in the house before he was summoned; and the Marquis believing his statement, and feeling the point of the

"forbidden fruit," allowed the matter to drop, and no more was said on the subject.

The suppers were on so grand a scale, and so excellent, that the Club became the refuge of all the undinnered members and *gourmets*, who flocked in after midnight from White's, Brookes's, and the Opera, to partake of the good cheer, and try their fortunes at the hazard-table afterwards. The wines were of first-rate quality, and champagne and hock of the best growths peeped out of ice-pails, to cool the agitated nerves of those who had lost their money. Some who had begun cautiously, and risked but little, by degrees acquired a taste for the excitement of play, and ended by staking large sums. Others, again, had a wonderful control over themselves; as, for instance, the late Hon. C. B——, who one night won the price of his troop in the Life Guards, purchased it, and never after touched a dice-box.

The late lamented lawyer and historian, Horace Twiss, whose avocations with the newspaper press kept him during the session of the House of Commons very late in the Senate, was there

nightly; so much so, that his usual place was reserved, and a napkin prepared for him. At whatever hour he came, one of the waiters was always ready to serve his dinner, for such it really was; and all sorts of dainties and cup, which is now called "Badminton," were ever at his orders. Twiss himself was a most agreeable diner-out; and few parties were more convivial or delightful than the dinners he gave in Serle-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, and afterwards in Park-place, St. James's. He could talk, and talk well too, on any subject, whether it were politics, law, poetry, or the drama. As an author, he showed much talent. His "Life of Lord Eldon," however, is unquestionably his best work. He occasionally wrote for the stage; and so great was his influence over the Covent-garden management, that he received 200*l.* for a dramatic version of the "Fortunes of Nigel," which did not bear out its title, as far as the theatre was concerned, for it proved unattractive.

Barham—Ingoldsby Barham's son—in his clever "Life of Theodore Hook," gives an account of a dinner at the great wit's, of which Twiss formed

one. Hook had covered the frame of a print of Peel with crape, in consequence of his voting for Catholic Emancipation, and Horace removed it, giving rise to a joke mentioned in "Hook's Life," as from L. W. L.—Lord W* * * L* * * being the party alluded to. His Lordship, although no regular punster or practised jester, was, and from "auld lang syne" I am happy to say still is, a most agreeable member of society, with powers of repartee and good-humoured satire that are most pungent During the early part of the dinner, Lord William had been silent. Hook had cut his joke upon the turtle, by remarking to his neighbour—who said no dinner could be perfect without that West Indian luxury—"I do not judge of the dinner by the Test-u-do;" and Horace Twiss had repeated some clever extempore lines, when the ceremony of the removal of the crape took place.

The *host*, with a napkin to his eyes, and pretending to be very much affected, withdrew the veil; a dead silence prevailed; every one expected a joke from Hook. Twiss offered to assist him,

when suddenly the voice of L. W. L. was heard in tremulous tones, "Leave a Tory alone for getting another Tory out of his scrape" (his crape). The sally was received with cheers, and, encouraged by the applause, Lord William told some interesting anecdotes—one of which we have ventured to borrow—of the Duke of Wellington, on whose staff he had been when his Grace was Ambassador to Louis XVIII., at the Congress of Verona, and afterwards at the capture of Paris, in 1815. But *revenons à nos moutons*—I must return to Crockford's. Count d'Orsay was very often there, and, as usual, said many good things. Seeing Lord Allen and Johnny Bush, as he was familiarly called, crossing over from White's, he remarked, "Here come Mauvaise Haleine and Bonne Bouche." For an impromptu, it was not so bad; but as regarded King Allen—a name he went by—it did not apply, inasmuch as he was by no means a bad fellow, despite certain peculiarities; but Bush's designation was perfectly correct, as a better creature never existed.

Tom Raikes, too, was to be seen there con-

stantly; he was slightly pitted with the small-pox, and he was taunting d'Orsay about an anonymous letter that he had received, sealed with a wafer, when the latter quietly observed, "I think you must have written it yourself." "Why so?" inquired Raikes. "Because it looks as if you had sealed it with your nose." This was an exception to d'Orsay's general style of conversation, for he never made a personal remark. A story was told of Lord A * * being one night at a gaming-house called The Cottage, much frequented at the time, when a detachment of police, headed by Superintendent Baker, forced their way into the rooms. The latter had been Sergeant-Major in the Guards, to which corps the noble Viscount had also belonged. As they were proceeding to convey the persons present to the station, Baker, with an *esprit de corps* that did him credit, approached his former officer, and whispered in his ear, "Run, my Lord, although it will be the first time one of our regiment ever did so." The hint was taken, and he escaped; but it is right to add, that on this occasion Lord A. had only been a looker-on.

CHAPTER XII.

Aerostation: fatal accident—Origin of Mongolfier's balloon—Effects of crinoline—Charles Mathews, Theodore Hook, Rev. E. Cannon, Stephen Price—Roast leg of mutton—A visit to a rural pandemonium—"Play's the thing"—Lots of broken *legs*—The Golden Ball: his establishment in Upper Brook-street—*Richard III.*—*Mayor of Garratt*—Fashionable postilions—Queen Caroline—Lecture on extravagance—The old King's Bench; or, as Delpini called it when addressing the Regent, "Your papa's Bench"—Howard and Gibbs—Tamehamehu, the Queen of the (Cannibal) Islands—An unsavoury sandwich—Jekyll's joke.

In the year 1824 were several balloon ascents, one of which terminated fatally to the aeronaut, Harris. The balloon rose steadily from the Eagle Tavern, in the City-road, from which he took his departure. A young lady of the name of Storks accompanied him; and when they were at a great elevation above the earth, he pulled the valve-line to descend. From some unexplained cause, too much gas escaped, and they fell so rapidly, that

when some persons ran to their assistance, he was found a corpse, and the lady insensible, but with care and attention she recovered.

The French give a curious anecdote of a simple occurrence which led the inventor of such machines, Mongolfier, to turn his attention to the subject. It is to this effect:—A washerwoman of the Rue aux Juifs, in the Marais, placed a petticoat on a basket-work frame, over a stove, to dry. In order to concentrate all the heat, and to prevent its escaping by the aperture at the top, she drew the strings closely together, which are used to tie it round the waist. By degrees the stuff dried, became lighter, and the stove continuing to heat and rarefy the air concentrated under the frame-work, the petticoat began to move, and at last rose in the air. The washerwoman was so astonished that she ran out to call her neighbours to witness a miracle; and they, seeing it suspended in the air, were amazed and stupified. One individual, however, a simple paper-maker from Annonay, named Mongolfier, as much astonished but more sensible than the others, who considered it the work of the

demon, returned home, and, without loss of time, studied the work of Priestley on different kinds of atmospheres. The result was, the discovery of the first balloons, called Mongolfiers, of which he was the inventor. As the nautilus probably gave the idea of a sailing-vessel, so also do very simple causes often produce great and unexpected results.

Still further to illustrate the general style of society of the times I have endeavoured to sketch, I will give a few anecdotes communicated to me by those who played a leading part in their day. Many have gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns," but there are still some remaining, who, if they ever see these lines, will remember the circumstances.

Charles Mathews, father of the present mercurial Charles, lived a great deal with Theodore Hook, the Reverend Edward Cannon, and the lessee of Drury-lane, Stephen Price, who generally arranged a party to go to the Epsom and Ascot races. Upon one occasion, Lord W. L * * and Price joined in taking a cottage for the week, with the above, at Epsom. Hook was selected as caterer;

and as the dinner hour, six o'clock, approached, all were very hungry, Mathews especially so. Although he was fond of Southdown mutton, he particularly detested a leg; and when the dinner was announced, and they all sat down to it, seeing nothing but a bit of fish and the objectionable joint, Mathews' "dial-plate," as Sam Slick would call it, went down to zero. Not a word was said except by Lord William, who launched out in praises of Southdown, and told his friends he had taken the liberty of procuring the fine joint they saw from Giblet's. Hook made a pun upon the butcher's name, adding some remark about never looking a gift sheep in the face. Stephen Price said, "It looks delishus, sir, although not equal to the mutton in my country, sir." Cannon praised the joint, and Mathews hummed and hawed, looking round in hopes of seeing another dish make its appearance. Just at the nick of time, when a thick slice had been placed before him, the door opened, and a splendid haunch of venison was brought in. The comedian's face rose to "set fair," a hearty laugh followed, and then Hook told the story of the

Frenchman who said mutton was "sheap" in England, and venison "dear."

At night the whole party sallied forth for a walk, and on reaching Woodcot Green, two well-dressed men, approaching them, said, "Roulette and hazard, gentlemen, next door to the small public-house." "Pretend to be drunk," said Hook to Price. Lord William passed the word to Mathews, but the latter volunteered to walk home with Cannon, who was lame, and, being in orders, did not like to be seen in a gaming-house. The men entered the public-house, ostensibly to ask the hour, but in reality to purchase some brandy, and then they all entered the temporary pandemonium set up for the races. Two croupiers, with gaudy waistcoats and diamond pins, were at their posts—cards and dice on the table. After a few minutes, sundry "bonnets" (confederates) came in, hazard was proposed, and the trio being pressed to play—"I'll have one or two throws," said Price, affecting to be drunk; "if all's square I'll go in, but I must get a cheque changed." "Certainly," said the banker, who knew his man; "but first taste this *eau de*

vie." Price assenting, staked a few crowns at one end of the table, Hook, at the other, following suit. In a short time, during which the potent spirit had been freely passed, they won seven pounds, paid in silver, when starting up and returning to soberness, Price said to his friends—

"It is time to be off!"

"Give us our revenge, gentlemen."

"Certainly not!"

The keepers and players began to be insolent. Hook shouldered his stick; Lord W., like an old soldier, got near the fireplace, with an eye to the poker; and Price seized a small chair. A row ensued, sharp words passed, and then the lights were extinguished. Blows were exchanged. Matters were assuming a serious aspect, when Price, in a stentorian voice, threatened to put a stop to the fray in the American fashion, and hinted at a brace of pistols he always carried with him. "Hair-triggers, sir; three notches to show—two killed, one wounded." This had the desired effect—not before, however, the heads of the party as well as the "legs" had received a certain amount of

punishment. The next day the whole party was seen by Hook and his friends on the race-course, when they were again pressed to give the bank another chance; but Price, with more vigour than taste, said, "No go, sir! I'm not to be done, sir!"

Ball Hughes, whose fortune suggested the name of the Golden Ball, was another of the most noted men of the day. He had a handsome face, a commanding figure, youth, exquisite taste in dress, and a large income, without the drawback of an expensive country-house to keep up. No one started in life with greater advantages than he did. His fine carriages and horses, his well-furnished residence in Upper Brook-street, and admirably conducted establishment, soon attracted the attention, and drew around him the fashion of London of that day. He gave the most agreeable winter entertainments, his every-day dinners generally consisting of four persons. Being devoted to the theatres, the party usually went to his private box at one or other of them to pass the evening, and returned in his well-appointed carriage to an oyster supper after the play was over.

In the afternoon he might be seen in his cabriolet or curricle, the latter rivalling that of the late Marquis of Anglesey; or on his well-broken Park hack, in Rotten-row. Although he was to a certain extent a dandy, Ball Hughes was manly in his habits. He was expert at cricket, rackets, tennis, and billiards; rode well to hounds; and patronized every description of British sport that was free from brutality. His stud of hunters at Blisworth, in Northamptonshire, was first-rate, as those who remember Carver and Gilder can vouch for; and during the hunting season he took up his quarters at the George Inn, Northampton. His society was courted by all the neighbouring families, but he preferred "his comfort at his inn," so that the moment the frost came, he could post up to the metropolis. He was fond of private theatricals, and studied the part of *Richard III.*, which was to have been, but never was, publicly performed, although there was a dress rehearsal of it at the Queen's Theatre, near Tottenham Court Road.

The late William Abbot, of Covent Garden Theatre, superintended the getting-up of the

entertainments, *Richard III.* and the *Mayor of Garratt.* The parts were allotted as follows:—Richard, Ball Hughes; the Duke of Buckingham, Sir George Wombwell; Richmond, Lord William Lennox; the King, Abbot. I do not remember who filled the other parts; but Miss Smithson, Mrs. Orger, and her sister, were engaged professionally. In the farce, an ex-M.P., and one of the present Commissioners of Excise, was Jerry Sneak; Major Sturgeon, Lord W. Lennox; and Mrs. Sneak, Mrs. Orger. The theatre was filled with friends of the performers, and, except that in some instances the prompter's assistance was required, the tragedy went off creditably. Richard and Richmond had practised fencing under the first master of those days—Angelo—and the trial of skill in the fighting scene produced a great effect. On the whole, however, the farce was better acted than the tragedy. In the former, much mirth was created when the Lord Mayor of London, who was somewhat of a dummy, but gorgeously attired, made his appearance, and at that part where Buckingham says—

"The subtle traitor
This day hath plotted, in the Council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster"—

and he should have replied, "What! had he so?" he was perfectly mute. Not a word could he utter. A slight sibillation was heard, and this added to his embarrassment, whilst the audience burst into roars of laughter. A few similar mishaps and blunders might have elicited a remark that appeared in a country newspaper when a late M.P., afterwards elevated to the peerage, acted the parts of Richard III. and Caleb Quotem—"The laugh raised at the tragedy was so great, that there was not a smile left for the farce."

The rehearsal was wound up by a supper, in character, at Ball Hughes's, from which the gentlemen, in costume, to the no small surprise of the watchmen who met them, did not retire till morning dawned; and there being no hackney-coaches, they were obliged to make the best of their way home on foot. On one occasion, Ball Hughes and a friend started in his carriage and four posters from Upper Brook-street to Brighton. It was a

sultry evening in July; and when they reached Brixton, the Golden Ball proposed putting the postilions inside, he and his friend taking their places. On reaching Croydon, a crowd was assembled in expectation of the arrival of Queen Caroline; and the people, seeing the gold-lace caps of the postilions, cheered loudly, so that it was some minutes before they could escape from the honours thrust upon them, and start again.

Upon another occasion, they rode post all the way from Boulogne to Paris, following a carriage which belonged to a gentleman who gave excellent dinners in that metropolis, and who, although a good creature, was not so much patronized in London as in the French capital, which gave rise to a saying of d'Orsay's—"*Ce pauvre homme:* he is cut up in London, and eaten up in Paris."

From the extravagant habits of the young men about town, they were often driven to obtain what they required from money-lenders, and, as the enactments against usury were still in force, the only way in which the latter could extort a large rate of interest was by lending on post obits, by

the way of annuity, or on bills at short dates. In the latter case, the borrower had to purchase all imaginable articles, for which he gave a bill at a longer date than that for the cash advanced. I remember a friend of mine, who was hard pressed, going to a celebrated tobacconist to raise the wind, and he only obtained what he wanted on condition that he bought a large quantity of pipes and snuff-boxes. His necessities forced him to consent to this; but when he saw what an immense supply of them was produced, he was not a little astonished, and a hackney-coach was sent for to convey them to his residence.

Lord A., well known as one of the most agreeable men of his day, was once, in the same way, in possession of a number of brick-kilns near London, and when his creditors pressed for a settlement of their claims on him, he gave them orders for so many thousand bricks, in lieu of cheques on his banker. A story was told of his having exhausted his credit with the tradespeople who dealt in the common necessaries of life, and wishing to invite a friend to his house, he wrote, asking him to "come

and dine at half-past seven, on turtle and venison, as the fishmonger and butcher will stand it no longer."

The facilities for arresting debtors were very great, and the consequence was, the King's Bench was always full. Those, however, who had friends that were liberally inclined, and would go security for them, could obtain the privilege of residing without the walls of the prison, in what went by the name of "The Rules;" that is, within a circuit of half a mile, or perhaps more. The power of arrest was frequently much abused, as an individual had nothing to do but swear a debt against whoever it might be, and he was at once placed in "durance vile." On the other hand, there were many people who remained in "The Rules," and set their creditors at defiance. Some even lived in good style, and gave dinner parties to their friends and acquaintances. They were not altogether deprived of amusement, inasmuch as the Surrey Theatre was within the prescribed limits; but if by any chance they passed the line of demarcation, and it could be proved, the creditors could claim the amount of their debts from the Governor of

the Bench, who, of course, repaid himself at the cost of those who had entered into the required securities.

It was usual for the sheriff's officer, after he had effected a capture of any unfortunate debtor, to convey him first to a "sponging-house," kept by himself, in or about Chancery-lane, where he could remain as long as he had the means of paying for his board and lodging. But the charges were extortionate, and those only took advantage of that *locus penitentiæ* who had hopes of coming to a settlement with the parties who confined them there.

The greatest house for procuring loans and advances of money that ever existed in London, was the well-known firm of Howard and Gibbs. The former had accumulated an immense fortune, which he suddenly lost by the folly or mismanagement of his partner, as it was said at the time. Not only all the Albany, but many of the houses in and about Old Burlington and Cork-streets belonged to him, besides a splendid estate in Yorkshire. He lived in princely style, and the Duke of York, the Marquis Wellesley, and the greatest men of

the day, were frequent guests at his table. He had gone to Paris on a visit to Laffitte, the banker, supposing himself to be a very wealthy man, when one morning he received a letter from his partner announcing his utter ruin, and with it that of numerous depositors of small sums, who had been tempted by a higher rate of interest to lodge them in the hands of the firm. It caused a great sensation when it became known, as the bankruptcy affected so many persons, and such varied interests.

Mr. Howard's history was a curious one. He was educated in a charity-school at Oxford, from which he was taken into a hairdresser's establishment as an apprentice. After remaining there the usual time, he took a shop of his own, and having saved a small sum of money, he gave it up, and started off on foot to the metropolis, in the hope of bettering his condition. The first night of his arrival in town, not knowing where to lay his head, he slept on the steps of a house at the corner of Hamilton-place, Piccadilly; and when he awoke the next morning, he made the best of his way to

Seven Dials, in search of an occupation. The keeper of a beershop engaged him to sweep out the bar, and he gave so much satisfaction that he was occupied in various ways by persons who frequented the house. Amongst these was a lawyer's clerk, who, observing the boy's assiduity and respectable appearance, asked him if he could write, and on his answering in the affirmative, he employed him in copying some legal documents.

By some means or other, the clerk's employer became acquainted with him, and took him into the office, where he was a favourite, from his steady business habits and regular conduct. A client, who was a man of capital, and had found him useful on many occasions, took him by the hand, and started him on his own account. By dint of attention and hard work, he obtained so much business that he became one of the great capitalists of the day, and vast sums of money passed through his hands, in loans to needy men about town, in the shape of annuities or post obits. He had many good points about him; and although the sufferers by his bankruptcy were loud in their complaints of the

firm, he personally was not so much blamed as his partner—and, from what I heard, was not in fault.

The same year was remarkable for the arrival in London of the King Tamehameha and the Queen Tamehamehu, from the Sandwich Islands. They were brought to England in a whaler; but what their object was in coming here, I never heard. The Hon. Frederick Byng was appointed to attend upon them, as their equerry and cicerone. They were to be seen at all places of public amusement, and resided at the hotel in the Adelphi. People were a little surprised at their occupying the Royal boxes at the Opera and national theatres, because they were not much removed from the ordinary run of the Pacific Islanders; and it rather savoured of the burlesque to see them attended by Bogy, the high admiral of a fleet consisting of a dozen canoes—and Poki, the lord high treasurer of a revenue derived from or consisting of nothing but plantains and pigs.

One night, at the Opera, they were in a box on the second tier, and I was so much amused by the

awkward and constrained demeanour of the Royal pair, that I observed them more than the performance. The King was dressed after the model of George IV., with a high, stiff neckcloth, and a blue coat buttoned up to the throat, to which he was evidently unaccustomed, and in which he was ill at ease. The Queen wore feathers, and her toilette was that of people of fashion of the day. In their box silk playbills were placed, with which they fanned themselves; but at last, it being a very hot night, they used them to wipe the perspiration off their faces, perfectly unconscious of doing anything that was contrary to the rules of civilized society.

A story went the rounds of the Clubs at the time, which is worth recording. Some one told Jekyll that Mr. Byng did not much like his appointment, as he understood the Sandwich Islanders ate dogs; to which Jekyll replied, "I think they should be afraid of poodles, for they eat sandwiches." The point of this lay in the circumstance of Mr. Byng going by the name of Poodle

Byng amongst his acquaintances. At the end of June they caught the measles, and, although they were attended by the best physicians, both died, and the absurd farce was brought to a tragical conclusion.

CHAPTER XIII.

Exchange into the 17th Lancers—Lord George Bentinck—Good feeling evinced by the non-commissioned officers and men of my troop—Half-pay—"How wretched the soldier who lives on his pay, and spends one pound one on four shillings a day"—London life: "There is nothing in that," as Sir Charles Coldstream says—Proceed abroad—Beau Brummell—Anecdotes of the Fourth George—The ex-arbiter up to snuff, but fails to tickle his late Royal patron's nose—"Where shall I dine?" a hint taken from Theodore Hook—Leave Calais for Switzerland—Superstition—"Dreams that affright the soul"—A visit to the Brazils—The Atlantic—Sir Sidney Smith.

After obtaining my half-pay company, I exchanged with Lord George Bentinck into the 17th Lancers, he being transferred from the Life Guards to that Regiment, in the place of the Marquis of Carmarthen, who went to the former corps. I little thought at that time that he would become so distinguished a political character, and play so great a part as he did afterwards. The regiment was

quartered at Exeter, and I joined them there. I need not enter into a long detail of incidents that would have little interest to the general reader. Suffice it to say, that I remained with them till 1827, when I retired upon half-pay; but a circumstance occurred which I may be pardoned for mentioning, as showing the good feeling that frequently prevails between the officers and the men in our service. The non-commissioned officers and privates of my troop had got some intimation of my intentions, and the following letters were written to me in reference to them:—

"SIR,—

"I humbly beg you will excuse the liberty I take in addressing you; but I am induced to do so from feelings of gratitude, and on behalf of the troop, at whose request I transmit this letter.

"We having understood that you are about to leave the regiment, think it our unbounded duty, as a small but grateful token of unfeigned respect and acknowledgment, to present our humble but sincere thanks for the many, many instances of kind-

ness we have received at your hands during the time (and sorry we are to say, too short) we have had the honour to be commanded by you. We are fully aware of your good opinion of our conduct, and will endeavour to deserve it, and prove ourselves worthy of past favours; and further think ourselves in duty bound to pray for your future health and happiness.

"We beg to remain, Sir,

"Your most obedient servants,

"5th Troop 17th Lancers,

"DANIEL O'KEEFE, Sergeant-Major."

I was naturally much gratified by this testimony of good feeling, on the part of the men towards me, and sent an appropriate reply. In the month of March, 1827, after I had left the regiment, I was surprised by the receipt of a parcel containing a handsome gold medal, on one side of which the badges of the regiment were engraved, and on the other an inscription, very complimentary to myself, accompanied by the following letter:—

"Hounslow Barracks, March 29, 1827.

"HONOURED SIR,—

"I beg you will excuse this intrusion, but I have been solicited by the troop to present to you a small token of their gratitude; consequently I hasten to comply with their request, feeling confident that you will honour them by accepting the same. By so doing you will confer a very high mark of favour upon your

"Very humble and obedient servants,

"The 5th Troop 17th Lancers,

"By D. O'KEEFE,

"Troop Sergeant-Major."

I may, perhaps, be accused of vanity in publishing this correspondence; but if it reflects the least credit on me, an equal if not greater portion is due to the soldiers, who, considering themselves under some obligation to their captain, took such a graceful and pleasing method of expressing their sentiments.

The London season was drawing to a close; every one was leaving town; I had become satiated with the continued round of gaieties, and

might have applied an observation of Ernest Maltravers to my own case. If I remember correctly, it is as follows:—"Now, this great world is not a bad thing when we thoroughly understand it, and the London great world is at least as good as any other; but then we do scarcely understand that or any other in our *beaux jours*, which, if they are sometimes the most exquisite, are often also the most melancholy and most wasted portion of our life."

I longed for a total change, and to revisit the scenes of my early youth; I have since had cause to change my opinion in regard to foreign travel. I admit the charm of visiting countries we have never seen, and seeking for novelty in a new society, or amongst the classic ruins of sunny Italy; but there is a drawback to the pleasure I never reflected on at the time, which has been painfully apparent to me since—it is, that by remaining too long away from home, the link that binds us to society in England is broken. After a residence of many years abroad, I found, on my return, that the greater number of those with whom I had been

on a footing of intimacy were gone, I knew not whither; and not having been on the spot to form new intimacies and fresh acquaintances, I felt a comparative loneliness in the midst of numbers. We all gain, or should gain, wisdom from experience, but in that respect I had yet to acquire it; and my mind being made up to leave England, I went in the year 1829 on a Continental tour, furnished with letters of introduction from an old friend, to Mr. Brummell, in Calais. I was naturally desirous of becoming acquainted with a person of whom I had heard so much in London society. The day following my arrival I waited on him in his lodgings, leading out of the Grande Place to Dessin's Hotel. The common and received idea of him in England was that of a consummate dandy. I found him, on the contrary, a quiet, gentlemanlike man, without pretension, apparently about fifty years of age, and exceedingly agreeable. He was in his usual morning costume, a dressing-gown and gold-lace cap, which he invariably wore in the earlier part of the day.

He received me very graciously, and with a

great deal of cordiality. The letter I presented to him was from one of his old London companions; and he had no sooner read it, than he begged I would dine with him whenever I was disengaged, as he always had sufficient for a friend in the portions sent in from the hotel close by. I very often availed myself of this invitation; and on these occasions he spoke much of his past life, and the varied scenes he had witnessed during his residence abroad. He told me that when George IV. went to Hanover, he was escorted as far as Calais by a squadron under the orders of the High Admiral, then Duke of Clarence. The Royal barge was manned to take him on shore, and at the same moment the Calais pilot-boat came alongside the Royal yacht. The King immediately gave the preference to the latter, much to the delight of the French, who considered it a great condescension on his part. Vast crowds were assembled on the jetty, and in landing, his cap fell off amongst them. A little boy, pushing through the spectators, picked it up, and presented it to him. George IV. stopped, pulled some sovereigns out of his pocket,

and gave them to the fortunate urchin. This incident was loudly cheered by the lookers-on; and he then got into an open carriage, in waiting to convey him to the Hotel Dessin.

As he slowly advanced through the dense masses, he was well received, and bowed his salutations in return. The cavalcade had turned into the street leading out of the Grande Place, and he was bowing to the people on his right and left, when his eye suddenly caught sight of Brummell, standing on the steps of a shoemaker's shop; and his astonishment was so great, that, for the moment, he quite forgot his kingly bearing, and, throwing up his hands, he exclaimed, "D—n it, there's old Brummell!"

In the court-yard of Dessin's Hotel he found a guard of old soldiers, all decorated, in waiting to receive him; and as soon as he got out of his carriage, he went down the ranks, saying something complimentary to most of them. He ordered the non-commissioned officers and privates a splendid repast, and invited the authorities and officers to his own dinner at seven. Brummell, in

the meanwhile, had prepared a box of excellent snuff, which he sent to the King, with a bottle of brandy thirty years old. I believe this was the first approach to anything like a reconciliation between his Majesty and his former companion.

In the evening, the King went to the theatre, which forms a portion of the hotel; and although the actors were little better than those who are usually met with in small French towns, he expressed himself much pleased with the performances, and gratified the females of the company by sending them substantial tokens of his approbation, in the shape of Cashmere shawls and rings.

Speaking of George IV. leads me to rectify an error in a modern publication, with regard to his visiting the field of Waterloo in company with the Duke of Wellington. It is there stated that he never went to it at all, but I know, from undoubted testimony, that he did; and there is still living a nobleman who accompanied him on the occasion.

Brummell employed a great deal of his time in reading, and he was particularly fond of French

Mémoires. He was consequently well acquainted with all the phases of society in France, more particularly from the time of Louis XIV., and it gave a great interest to his conversation whenever he entered upon the subject. Every Monday morning he prepared his snuff for the week—his valet bringing in a pot of cold green tea to moisten the mixture. He then placed it in boxes with a paper-cutter, for his own use and that of his visitors. In the afternoon he used to dress for his usual walk at four, accompanied by his faithful dog, which had been his companion for many years, and for which he had a great regard. Almost every person of any note who happened to pass through Calais called upon him, and went away pleased with his conversation, and amused with the anecdotes he related of his earlier career.

One of his old friends came to see him on passing through the town, and after a long interview, was about to take leave, when he mentioned incidentally that he was going to dine in the evening with an English gentleman resident in Calais, and that the party would be a very agreeable one. He

at the same time asked Brummell if he was acquainted with the person he alluded to, and if there was a chance of the pleasure of meeting him there. "No," said Brummell; "I do not know him; but where does he live, and at what hour is the dinner?" Having obtained the information he required, he quietly said, "I will not bid you adieu now, for I shall see you this evening, and dine with your friend." "How is that possible?" replied the other. "Never mind," answered Brummell; "I shall be there without fail." Accordingly, as soon as he had finished his toilette, he sallied out and purchased a *pâté de Perigord*, and going straight to the giver of the dinner, he inquired if he was at home. The reply was in the affirmative, and he was ushered in. After the usual formalities, "I am told," said Brummell, "by my friend Mr ——, that you have a large party to-day, and I have taken the liberty of offering you a *pâté* which I have brought with me." "Most happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Brummell," replied the gentleman, "and I accept your present with many thanks. I trust, however, that you will make one of us, and you

will meet your friend, who has promised to dine here."

The invitation was at once accepted, and at the appointed hour he made his appearance, much to the astonishment of the latter. A splendid repast was served, and the evening passed off in the most agreeable manner, Brummell delighting all present with his numerous anecdotes and brilliant conversation. During the whole of the dinner, however, Brummell was anxiously looking for the *pâté* to make its appearance, but it was nowhere to be seen. As soon as the guests departed, Brummell followed, and, taking aside the *valet de place*, he inquired of him why it was not placed on the table? "Monsieur," said the servant, "the dinner had been arranged beforehand in such a manner as to leave no space for it." "I am sorry it was not served round," replied Brummell, "for I am particularly fond of the dish, and, by-the-bye, my good friend, I should like to have a slice of it now: just go and fetch it me at once." The valet ran for the *pâté* and brought it without plate or knife; upon which Brummell, in the coolest way

imaginable, said, "Never mind; as you have nothing to cut it with, I will take it home and taste it there," which he did, and the worthy host never saw any portion of it again.

During the many years that Brummell played so conspicuous a part in London society, there were some distinguished houses in which he never could obtain a footing. For instance, at the time that the old German waltz was very much in vogue, he was never seen at the aristocratic and delightful parties given by Lady Gwydyr; her Ladyship, knowing that he either could not or would not dance, never asked him to them, although he used every interest to obtain an invitation.

He was rather inclined to be superstitious latterly; and he told me a curious story of a sixpence, which he fancied had influenced his destinies. One moonlight morning he was going home, after having passed his night at White's, when he observed something shining on the pavement of Hill-street, Berkeley-square. He picked it up, and it proved to be a sixpence with a hole in it. Considering this as a token of good luck, he never went with-

out it; and assured me that with this magic talisman in his pocket, he won wherever he played, and was a gainer of 36,000*l.* in the Clubs of London, and 8000*l.* at Newmarket. He was in the habit of carrying a gold snuff-box in his waistcoat pocket. In returning from an evening party, he took it out to get a pinch of snuff, and, without being aware of it, the sixpence also, which fell to the ground and was lost. From that moment his usual good luck failed him. He gradually lost his winnings, and was obliged to retire to the Continent.

I remember another instance. His landlord's daughter was very ill, and the family sent her for better advice to Paris. After she had been there a few days, he was awoke at two in the morning by his dog howling in the most unaccountable manner. When I saw him after breakfast he told me of it, and said he was perfectly satisfied that the young person was dead. Singular enough, the following post brought an account of her decease at the very time that the incident occurred. On another occasion, he told me that some English-

man, who had been many years resident in Calais, died in the house opposite to him, when the dog again howled as it had done previously, and he was convinced the animal had seen the spirit of the departed.

Brummell being looked upon as the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of his day, whatever he did found many imitators, and, like the *moutons de Panurge*, they blindly followed his example; so on one occasion he gave it out that curds-and-whey were a very wholesome dish for breakfast, and the consequence was, they became quite the rage for a time, much to the benefit of the Park gatekeepers, who to this day continue the sale of them.

He one day asked me to call, as he wished to have a conversation with me on some matters of importance. I was aware that his affairs were not in a flourishing state, and that the remittances from his old friends in England were not so abundant as when he first went abroad, but I did not know the extent of his difficulties. It appeared, however, from his own account, that they were considerable; and his method of staving them off was

characteristic of the man. He said—"Whenever any one of my creditors calls upon me, the moment he enters the room I commence an amusing conversation, and tell him anecdotes that I think will interest him. This has hitherto succeeded very well, for I divert their attention from the subject that brings them to me. We shake hands, and part on good terms; but my stock in trade is exhausted, and I am now completely used up. I have nothing left to tell them, and what to do I know not." Seeing him much distressed, and apprehensive of the consequences, I told him I thought I could suggest a plan by which he might be relieved from his embarrassments, and I recommended that he should sell all his articles of *vertu*, his curious snuff-boxes, and costly furniture. He immediately jumped at the idea. I wrote on the subject to a friend in England, who kindly interested himself, and procured him an advance of money to some amount on that security. I presume it was by these means that he was afterwards enabled to leave Calais for his consulship at Caen. I often look back with pleasure to the

many agreeable hours I spent with him. His unfortunate end I need not touch upon here; but it is satisfactory to know that a handsome subscription was made by his friends in London, to support him in the Maison des Aliénés at Caen, before his death.

Bidding adieu to Brummell, whom I saw for the last time, I went to Switzerland, where I remained, in the enjoyment of domestic felicity, for two or three years; but after the active and wandering life I had led, I felt the want of some occupation, and it induced me afterwards to go to the Brazils. When the revolution broke out in Paris, in the month of August, 1830, I was residing at Vevey; and it so happened that there were several officers of the Swiss Guard staying there, on leave of absence, who were extremely desirous of getting back to their regiments. There was some difficulty in the matter, because the authorities were very vigilant, and stopped those who were opposed to the new order of things. They applied to me for assistance, and I accompanied two of them to the frontier, where, by making use of my passport, they

succeeded in escaping observation, and were enabled to go on to Paris.

Having effected this, I returned to stay a few days at Lausanne, where some relatives of mine had taken a country residence for the season. I am not at all disposed to be superstitious, but circumstances do happen sometimes, in the course of a man's life, which human reason cannot explain; and such a case occurred to me. I had retired to rest rather later than usual, and fell into a profound sleep. I dreamt that I was in India with my brother, then a lieutenant in the 13th Light Infantry, quartered at Dinapore, on the Ganges. I fancied that I saw him in a dying state, and that the medical men who were attending him told me he was suffering from severe inflammation of the liver, for which they were bleeding him freely; and then methought he sank under it, and that—

> "Before me,
> He, the departed, stood! ay, face to face—
> So near, and yet how far!"

When all was over, I awoke; and I felt so convinced that it was something more than an ordi-

nary dream, that I got up, and, having no note-paper at hand, wrote the date and the hour of the occurrence in pencil on the window-shutter. In the morning I went to visit my relatives, and they, seeing me very low-spirited and dull, asked the cause of it; and I then told them of my dream of the previous night. Every one was inclined to turn it into ridicule, and wondered that I should attach so much importance to what they considered the "baseless fabric of a vision." The impression, however, it had left on my mind was too strong to be easily eradicated, and I impatiently awaited news from India. In the beginning of December, just three months and a half after the occurrence, I received intelligence from home, corroborating, in every respect, even to minute details, what I had witnessed in my dream.

I have often reflected upon this since, but never could satisfy myself how it could be possible for the mind and the power of vision to be exercised when the body is under the influence of sleep, otherwise than through the spirit leaving its earthly tenement and wandering through space, whilst the body is

recruiting itself by repose. If it be not so, could I have seen so vividly, as occurring at the moment, that which I only heard of more than three months afterwards? I have often been told of instances in which strange dreams have been realized by subsequent events, but I never remember one so circumstantially correct as mine. When I talked the matter over afterwards, and referred to what I had previously foretold, it was put down as a singular coincidence. It may have been so, but—

"Dreams, in their development, have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy:
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;
They make us what we were not,—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that 's gone by."—*Byron.*

Some time before, a very curious circumstance occurred in Vevey. The family of a clergyman resided in the main street, in a large old house which went by the name of the "Château." Some matter of business obliged him to visit Geneva, and he left home in his char-de-côté, with the intention of proceeding as far as Rolle or Morges, and going the following morning to his destina-

tion. When all had retired for the night to their respective rooms on either side of a long corridor, one of the daughters came to her sister to tell her that she had just seen her father passing along it, and expressing her surprise at his sudden return. The latter, however, had also observed him, and their curiosity induced them to go to the door of the room he usually occupied, where they found their mother very much alarmed at having seen him also, but equally unable to account for it. They all three went to look for him, but he was nowhere to be found, and they were very uneasy, not knowing what could have become of him. At an early hour the following morning, a courier arrived with the intelligence that, at the very time he made his appearance in the Château, he had died of apoplexy at Rolle. The occurrence created quite a sensation in the town, because people argued that, although one person might labour under a delusion, it was not likely that three individuals, in separate localities, should have witnessed a supernatural event at nearly the same time.

A ludicrous instance of credulity came to my

knowledge, in the instance of an elderly German Baroness with whom I was acquainted, who had taken a house in Vevey, and was residing there for the benefit of her health. She imagined herself a "Poitrinaire;" for on the Continent, whenever a person suffers from indigestion, or from the stomach, it is always supposed to proceed from the chest. As the lady in question had not much faith in doctors, but great confidence in the powers of clairvoyants, she sent a statement of her case to an old woman who practised mesmerism, and gave advice to patients, at Yverdun. In reply, she was desired to forward a lock of her hair, that the clairvoyante might be put *en rapport* with her. Having done so, the remedy ordered was slices of bread and butter covered with black ants, and she followed the prescription for some time. Whether it were the pure air of the mountains, or magnetism, or the ants, I cannot say; but she became strong and active, from being weak and delicate. The consequence was, that she put unlimited faith in supernatural powers, was very superstitious, and would never open a letter on a Friday, make one

of thirteen at a dinner, walk under a ladder, or neglect any popular prejudice on such matters; and she returned to Dresden perfectly satisfied that her cure had been effected by the mesmeric quack.

A near relative of mine had married into a Brazilian family possessing large properties in the province of Bahia; and her husband being at the time on leave of absence from Buenos Ayres, where he held the appointment of Chargé d'Affaires, I was induced to visit them, with a view of establishing myself on an estate that he offered me. Accordingly, in the month of March, 1832, I secured a passage on board the French merchant ship *Ceres*, of 500 tons burthen, at Havre, bound to Bahia de Todos os Santos.

The owners assured me I should fare sumptuously every day, and that the vessel was well found in every respect. A strong north-east wind was blowing as we left the harbour, and we set all sail to make the most of it. The crew, including the captain and lieutenant, or first mate, consisted of sixteen hands; many of them quite novices in

their calling. There was no chronometer on board, and had we been on a voyage where the navigation was intricate, I should have felt some apprehensions as to the consequences. All went on smoothly, however, until we had passed Madeira and Buena Ventura, one of the Canary Islands, which we sighted on the ninth day after our departure. The wind, which had been blowing fresh, here left us, and towards evening it became calm. The following day we must have been drifted a considerable distance by a current, and when the evening set in, I did not feel quite easy as regarded our position, thinking the captain's calculations, by dead reckoning, might be incorrect.

After the usual evening meal, I went on deck, and, to my surprise, heard sounds resembling breakers. I immediately called the only sailor in whom I had confidence, to the gangway, and he, after listening attentively, told me he was convinced he heard them also. On this, I communicated the circumstance to the captain, who treated it very lightly; and seeing that my arguments made no impression on him, I retired to my cabin

to await events, and prepare for whatever might happen. About nine o'clock, a violent gust of wind struck the ship, and hastening upon deck, I found everything in confusion, the men running about like ants out of an ant-hill, all shouting, none obeying orders, and the sails splitting and cracking like whips. The steersman had left the wheel, and I stood to it myself during the twenty minutes that the squall lasted. It was some time before things were put to rights. A calm succeeded to the bourrasque we had experienced. Suddenly the sea became so luminous that I could distinctly read the hour by my watch on deck. Large shoals of fish followed in our wake, leaving behind, and casting around them, long trains of brilliant light. The sea broke in ripples as if we were under the influence of a current, and the night was pitchy dark.

The captain, who began to think I was not far wrong in my suspicion of breakers near us, changed our course. The appearances, however, were to me so singular and unusual, although I believe not of uncommon occurrence, that I remained on deck all

night. As the morning dawned, the phosphoric light of the sea gradually died away, but did not disappear altogether before broad day. We could then distinctly see the shore two or three miles from us, very much resembling the low land between Dunkirk and Ostend. Had we continued the course we had been steering the previous evening, we should have run ashore somewhere to the northward of Cape Verd, and probably all have been made prisoners by the Moors. Low sandhills extended as far as the eye could reach on either side of us, and there was no sign of trees or cultivation beyond them.

What I observed of the country brought to my recollection a conversation I had had some years before with Sir Sidney Smith, who came from Paris to London expressly to submit a project he had formed, to the British Government, for letting the sea into the deserts of Africa, as he felt certain, from soundings he had taken, that they were below the level of the ocean. He said that Phœnician anchors had been found in some of the villages bordering

on the desert, and that many localities still retained in Arabic the names of seaports. Whether such an enterprise be possible or not, I am not competent to decide; nor do I know whether any positive benefit could or would arise, if such a vast undertaking were carried out.

We were not long in reaching the Equator, and there we met with the usual calms and squalls.

On one occasion, when the sea was perfectly still, and without a ripple, I tried the experiment of corking and sinking an empty wine-bottle. I took the precaution to put a piece of sailcloth, well pitched, over the cork, which I tied securely round the neck. I then sunk the bottle, with a line and a lead attached to it, to a great depth—perhaps 150 fathoms. When it came up it was full of water. Some have supposed that the porousness of the glass would account for the bottle filling, and the cork remaining in its place, and I am inclined to think that this must be the case; because I do not see how the pressure of the water

could act upon the cork, otherwise than to force it into the bottle. The sailcloth being precisely in the same state as when I tied it on, gave me an additional reason for coming to this conclusion.

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